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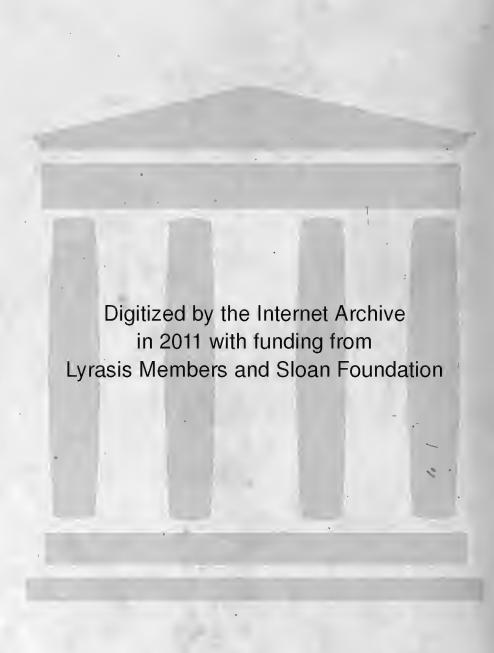


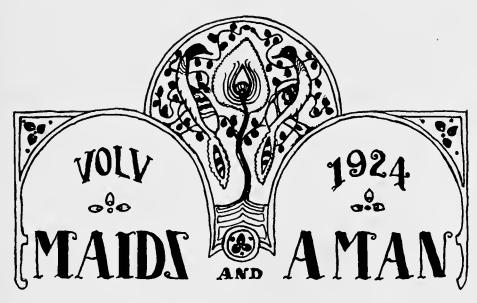


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LEST TIME MEKE OF THESE HEPPY DEYS BUT VECUE RE-COLLECTIONS, THIS YEARBOOK, DEIDS HAD A DEM, HES BEEN CREATED, TO OFFER E TREES ORE-TROVE OF MEMORIES TO THOSE WHO HEVE STRIVEN & FEITHFULLY IN OPHOLDING & THE TUBBEN SPIRIT.





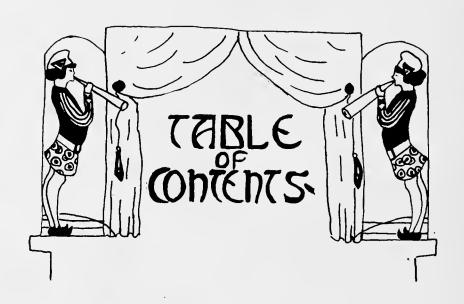
PUBLISHED BY CLASSES OF 1924-25 TUBMAN HICH SCHOOL



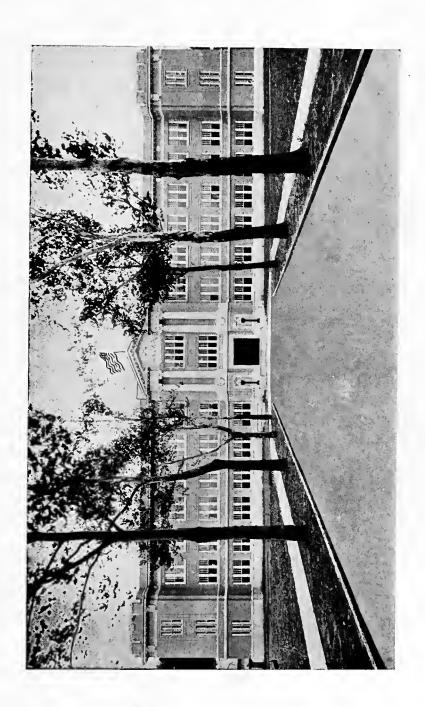


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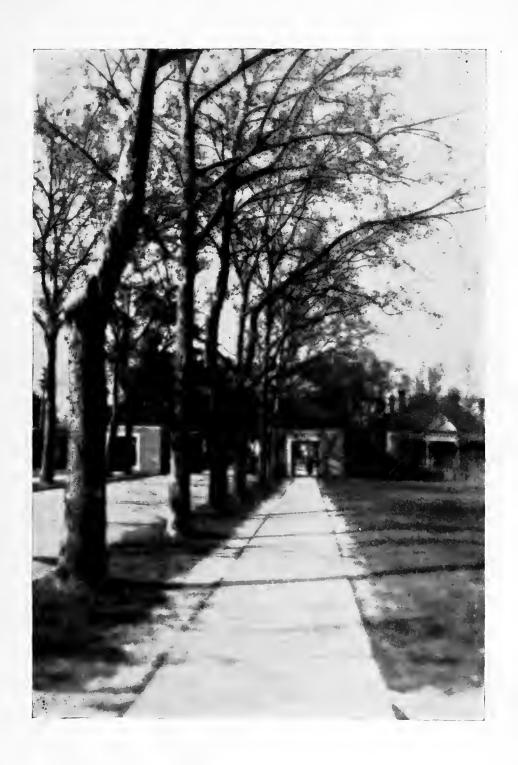
MILDRED CALLEN ABERNATHY
IN APPRECIATION OF HER UNTIRING SERVICES, AND DEVOTED INTEREST IN THE SCHOOL
AND ALL ITS ACTIVITIES, WE
THE SENIOR CLASS OF -1924DEDICATE THIS UOLUME OF OUR
ANNUAL MAIDS AND A MAN-



BOOK I The School
BOOK II Classes
BOOK II Organizations
BOOK III Organizations
BOOK II Organizations
BOOK













Faculty * *

T. H. GARRETT	Principal
Miss A. Dorothy Hains	Latin
Miss Ada G. Woods	English
MISS ANNIE M. PAGE	French
Miss Julia A. Flisch	History
MISS GERTRUDE J. COMEY	English
Miss Louise Parks	English
MISS WILLAMETTE GREEN.	Mathematics
Mrs. Margaret C. Hurst	History
MISS FURLOW HOLLINGSWORTH	
MISS MARCIA A. CLARK	Domcstie Arts
Miss Lois Eve	Science
MISS HELEN FRANK	English
MISS MILDRED ABERNATHY	Latin
MISS KATHERINE M. COMFORT	
Miss Leonora Ivey	Physical Training
Miss Louise Chiles	English
MISS AMA LEE NULL	
MISS ELEANOR BOATWRIGHT	Ĥistory
MISS EDWINE W. ODOM	Science
MISS NANCY E. HADDOCK	Domestic Seienee
MISS ANN BRADDY	Mathematies
MISS MARION HAMILTON	History
Miss Helen Anderson	French
MISS GENA CALLAWAY	Mathematics
Miss Edith Nachman	
Miss Lois Hunt	
MISS MARGARET C. KINNEAR.	
Miss Elizabeth Hughes	
MISS JULIET OBERMILLER	
MISS HELENE NORWOOD	
Mrs. W. C. Lyeth	
Miss Helene Schilling	
Miss Dorothy Halbert	Vocal Music
MISS EMMA PLUNKETT.	
Mrs. Stannard Owens.	
MISS ANNIE G. SMITH.	
Miss Louise Wilson	Secretary

The Faculty

(Apologies to Jane Taylor)

Who met us one September day And ended all our summer play By starting work without delay? The Faculty.

Who's said to have a massive brain?
('Tis something that we can't explain
Because they seldom make things plain).
The Faculty.

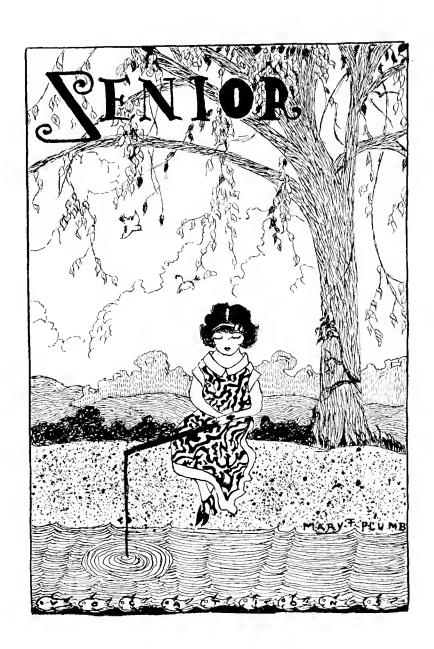
Who makes us sit up night and day, And study till our hair turns gray, And gives us not a cent of pay? The Faculty.

If the people on the street, Chance bobbed hair or Fords to meet, Tell me, who is it they greet? The Faculty.

Who gives demerits as we pass, Thru the halls, from class to class, Although they are talking "en masse?" The Faculty.

But when at last next June is here And our Commencement's drawing near Who then will seem to us most dear? The Faculty.

—Lucy Goodrich Henry, '25.



Class Poem

-

(With Apologies to Edgar Allan Guest)

Along the paths of life, there are faces new today; There are youthful learts and sturdy, whose feet are on the forward way. To the rugged roads of duty we have turned without a sigh, For with us, as with others, our high school days must die.

And we're looking back and remembering the friends we left behind, We're calling back our "farewells" and urging, "Never mind."

"Oh, never mind, dear school of ours, that we come not again; Never mind our years of toil, of sorrow, or of pain.

For we've found the path of life where the flags of duty fly, And we know the lessons you've taught so well can never, never die.

For never life can break us; oh, the years, they cannot fade The memory of your principles; the words 'Be not afraid,'"

Along the paths of life, there are faces new today, And ambition's flags are flying as we march along our way; For our hearts have learned the lesson, give the world your very best By sacrifice and courage, and life will give you rest. And when we've claimed eternal splendor and found eternal youth, Thanks be to you, dear Tubman High, who taught "Eternal Truth."

-MADALINE GREEN, '24.

Senior Class

+ +

Class Colors—Blue and White

Class Flower—Daisy

Motto—"We will find a way or make one."

OFFICERS

DOROTHY PUND President

ELIZABETH KREPS. Vice-President

MARION ANDREWS Secretary and Treasurer

HARRIET ALEXANDER

Harriet did not join our class until we were Juniors, but we consider her quite a valuable addition. Some think Harriet a quiet little thing, but would they if they were in chemistry with her! This Georgia peach never worries over spilt milk or that which is going to be spilt. We think her quite a gloom chaser.

GRACE ANDERSON

Grace believes in the old adage, "Speech is silver, but silvace is golden," and must be trying to make herself a milliomire, for very seldom is her voice beard in any of our arguments. However, if Grace's desk was vacant at classes we should surely miss her.

MARION ANDREWS

Not only do we prize Marion for her brilliant display of knowledge, but for her gentle and kindly manner. She has served her school mates in many prominent offices, even having the funds of the School Class entrusted to her keeping! What greater proof does one need of her dependability! It is she who has inspired the composition of the literary gems in this publication. In short, Marion has made Tubman a better place by her presence.





LOUISE BALK)

Louise is the most dashing blonde in our class. She will undertake to do anything, for she is quite fearless and never lacking in self-confidence, however the latter is not misplaced. When it comes to Latin, Louise has never been known to fail, for when you see her knit her brow in great anxiety as she bends over her Virgil, you may be certain that that frown will soon turn into a triumphant smile as the difficult lines are conquered—and Louise conquers after things besides Latin—but this is getting too personal.

CATHERINE BELDING

1924, like all other classes, has those to whom she turns for dependability. Catherine is just such a one to whom we can instrust the execution of a difficult task. Especially does Miss Flisch think this because every time she forgets where she left off in giving the history reports, she always starts with Catherine.

LOUISE BLITCHINGTON

Senior "C"s doll baby. Lonise's small stature does not moke her small in quality. Little things are always the sweetest, so it is in this case. Because of her many admirable qualities she has entwined herself around the heart of every Big Senior.

ANNIE SUE BRAWNER

We all know some girts whose good disposition and even temper are two of their strong characteristics. Annie, here, is just one of them. She never seems to get "peeved" except in the French Class, and I think that this is because she doesn't get the question or sentence as perfectly as she might wish.

LINDSEY BUCK!

The business woman. Lindsey tells us that she expects to enter the business world. We trust that her future will be as bright as her past. Lindsey is a good girl that any class would be glad to own.

ALICE CARSWELL

Alice, the girl with so much to say that she says nothing. Alice didn't came to Tuhmau until the rest of our class was well launched in the Sophomore year. However, she immediately worked her way to the top of the class and has been very successful in remaining there. Luck to you, Alice; we hope you may remain on top in everything through life.

EUNICE CHAPMAN

When we first knew Eunice she was quiet and shy, but lately, through her contact with so many girls, she is becoming one of our most eloquent talkers and has been known to talk for three hours, in type-writing, without a rest of more than fifteen minutes. But friendliness is next to goodliness, and so Eunice proves an agreeable companion anytime, anywhere.

KATHERINE CRAWFORD

Kate has been with us ever since we were wee little Subs, and has worked side by side with most of us in our struggle for a dip. She is another one who doesn't say much, but since, "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life" we feel that some day she will be richly rewarded.

EDNA DAVIS

Although Edna has been with as only during our Senior year we have found that we have missed much by not having her friendship in the lower classes. Edna is a studious girl, and in hook-keeping she is especially studious, for who is it that has seen a cash hook that she could not halance! It is her willinguess to help her class and many other qualities that make her so dear to us.

ELIZABETH DOWLING)

Dida, with her dignified air of knowledge. Dida is really a smart girl, but that isn't saying so much for her, for she is one of that kind of girls who do everything their very best, whether it be studying, playing basket ball, cleaning up her room, or concentrating on a romantic movie. Dida says that because of her precise habits she is destined to go through life alone, but who can believe that when looking into her big, starry eyes?





SARAH DOWLING!

Sarah, with Elizabeth, forms the pair of "Double D's." Sarah may be serious looking, but it is doubtful if she is ever given to serious thoughts; however, she is conscientious enough, a girl of her word, and a good sport. Much more could be said in her praise, but as one of her attributes is her modesty, I do not want to make her blush.

GEORGIA DURDEN

Georgia is considered one of the hardest working girls in the Senior Class. There are many who gain knowledge by very easy methods, but it is not so with Georgia. She is striving from early morn to late at night to gather the bits of knowledge which will at last be rewarded with a "dip." When Georgia leaves Tubman it can be said that a true and faithful student has left.

ANNIE ELLIOTT

Annie is a quiet girt, very lady-like in her manners; we have never seen Annie angry or excited. On Monday when everyhody is upset, she comes in as soft and gentle as a May morniny. Her gentle ways and charming manners have endeared her to the hearts of every member of the class of '24.

DOROTHY EVANS

Dorothy is the proud owner of an unusual record. She can bast of having never cut a single class or even "gym," This is something to be proud of, and Darothy wouldn't give this record for any A—in trigonometry!!!! She is good when it comes to "Miss Flisch's Complimentary Thought Questions," Never would Dorothy be sent to study halt for reading a letter in class.

ROSA FRASERI

We next introduce our noted class-mate, Rosa Fraser. Rosa is quite a marvel on the piano, and we expect some day to see her name written as the greatest among musicians. Rosa never speaks unless spoken to so that although we probably wouldn't listen if she did speak (being busy with the same occupation) we know little about her.

ROSE FINKELSTEIN

From 'way over in Poland came Rose. She hasn't been with us so very long, but we all feel as though we couldn't do without her now. You just can't imagine how smart she is. Just think of making 98 in the history examination! All of us are devoted to her and just enry her her smile.

MADALINE GREEN!

We have with us here the famous poetess, Madaline. She hasn't decided whether to continue composing verse or to teach history as substitute for Miss Flisch. Madaline has as many good points as a paper of pins, and we may be sure that whatevershe undertakes she will do well.

SARAH GREEN

Sarah Green is not very fat or lean. She is not very good or mean, and this is all I know of Sarah Green. Everything is "well" with Sarah when she starts to vecite. We know that from Sarah's favorite expression, "well," "er," when asked a question in cluss.

ELLA MAE GUNTER

Ella Mae has brightened up our oral composition days by giving her "noteless talks." Never was Ella Mae known to use her notes when giving a talk. We not only enjoy being in Ella Mae's presence on this particular day, but on all days, because we have found her friendship very enjoyable.

MARIE GUY

Marie Guy is the quietest and most dignified member of the class of '24. During our four years' friendship with her, we have never seen her anary or ruffled in the least; and while Marie is not the one to attract attention in any kind of display, nevertheless she has won our whole hearted admiration.





RUTH HARDIN

We can never remember when Ruth didn't get A's or A+'s on her report. She has been with us for these five long years and we hope that she will always be as unsetfish and attractive as she has proven herself to be. She will always be remembered as one of '24's must popular girls.

FRANCES HARLEY

Frances is quict and serene; nothing seems to worvy her, and she has a sense of humor. Rather a pleasing combination, isn't it? Moreover, she is a very graceful rope-walker as all can testify who saw her when she impersonated Miss Boatwright in the Senior Play.

RUTH HINTON

This is the girl with the pleasant smile who craves study. She is one among the few who has really put on a serious look and a dignified expression since she reached the stage of Seniority. She will make a success, we know.

IVY HIXSONI

"Ask Ivy, she knows," the oft-repeated saying of Senior B, for Ivy is the "child prodigy" of the class of '24. Besides she is versatile, too, for she is accomplished in the arts of cooking, sewing, music, hiking, swimming, and is an all-round good sport. She has never been known to lose her temper, and her patience is incrhaustible.

ONIE HIXSON/

No one would expect that little cherubic Onic, one of the followers from the Sub-Freshman year, would have become one of our dignified Seniors, but such she is. She always knew her trigonometry and French translations. She can't sympathize with some of us, because she has never had to go to summer school.

LILLIAN HOGAN

Miss Flisch could never proceed in history class if she called on Lillian Hogan and did not receive her usual "Don" cha know?"—hut notwithstanding Lillian's repeated utterance in history, we have found her a very valuable friend, and one whom we are proud to call our class mate.

CAROLYN HOWELL 1

Carolyn, with Harriet, makes us the duet of "Latus Eaters." Having once learned that it does not pay to worry, she has given herself up to the pleasures of this life. Her pleasing and beaming physiognomy is sure to carry joy wherever she chunces to go, French is her hobby in school, but outside of school it is Fords and somebody (quite particular about those Somebodies) to drive them.

MARY MERCER JACKSONA

Mary M, is the champion giggler of our class; her charming giggle, however, does not imply an empty head, for that is a talent which those who are too wise or too faalish cannot possess. Giggling, however, is not her only accomplishment—for from it; she can play basket ball along with the best of them, and if you want to know any more of her good points just go to Miss Flisch.

BLANCHE JONES

Blanche is the skinny wander of our class. We wonder if even her shadow will remain by the time she gets her "honorable discharge" from Tuhman. She has been with us all along, even ut summer school, last summer—not because she flunked, however—oh, no! She would never commit that sin. She is too studious for that, Does wet weather dampen her amiable temperament! Indeed, no—outh her hair.

MARY B. JONES

Mary is rather like an undwella—not in looks, but in usefulness. When you are happy and gay, Mary is that way, too, and when you are "down in the dumps" Mary can sympathize to perfection. Although she is not an athlete and is not one of this "never miss a question" kind, she is an all around girl and every one likes her.





ELIZABETH KREPS(

Here, you behold the striking countenance of one of the most gifted members of our class. Besides being a good student, and unsurpassed entertainer, she can sing, play, make speeches—in fact, she can do anything she is called upon to do. Whenever you see a plait of hair hanging down somebody's back, you may be sure it is Elizabeth's. That is one of the many reasons we like her so, she is made on an entirely new plan.

ANNIE LEE LANGSTON

To be jovial and carefree is characteristic of Annie Lee, but she has the added quality of becoming serious at will. Annie Lee is one of the most locable girls in our class. Her sunny disposition and bright smile have won the hearts of all her class motes. Not only are these things to her credit, but she sings heautifully: indeed, the entire school is proud to boost of such a member.

DOROTHY LEVY

DOT—Dot, one of the "Heavenly Twins," is one of the few people who have both good looks and brains besides a true blue character. Dorothy's wonderful black curty hair has caused many a girl to loose sleep trying to curt her straight bob with curters. And as for having brains—well all we can adequately say is that she is a shining slar. But best of all is Dorothy's friendship which when once given slands all tests.

MARGARET LOCKHART/

Margaret is one of the wonders of our class and is especially prominent in our trig, class, where she and Miss Green talk the language of trigonometry, the said talk, as a rule, sailing high above our humble heads. In spite of this and other similar instances, however, Margaret has won the friendship and admiration of the whole of the class of '24.

DOROTHY LOMBARD (

If you ever look for Dorothy at school you only have to go up to the art room, where you will find her pouring over a butik design. Out of school she man be found speeding around somewhere in her Ford coupe. Not the trost of her worries is Mr. J. Caesar, but he will not cause her any sorrow when June the twelfth rolls around.

NATALIE MERRY I

Natatic came to Tuhman along with the rest of our class and distinguished herself by not being lost in the halls of our spacious and elegant building. She is "tres petite," which, however, does not near quiet, for wherever Natalie is, there some noise is also. (Natalie does her hit toward keeping our teachers busn).

LUCILE MEYERA

Most of us have to console ourselves about what's on the outside of our heads by what's on the inside, But Lucile, lucky girl, needs no consolation and, moreover, her beauty is not just skin deep. She has wan friends and admirers by the score, by her sweet disposition, her charming smile and her graveful dancing. But are her admirers just friends, and her friends just admirers! Well there are some vertain people who would flatly deny that.

MAXINE MILLER

Maxine—our treasure. To put one adjective before Maxine's name would be ridiculous for the simple reason that it would not be sufficient. Maxine is smart, witty, full of pep, and is usually spoken of as "the best typist at Tuhuan." She also makes a wonderful friend, and she'll stick by non through thick and thin. She is truly a treasure that any class would be proud to are.

ELEANOR MORRIST

Eleanor has been one of our fellow sufferers for the last five years and during her heror fight for a dip she has done wonders in spreading sunshine in the dark corners at Tubman. Besides this, Eleanor has kept more than one poor girl from being complimented by one of Miss Flisch's famous thought questions by keeping the said teacher basy answering her numerous inquiries. However, Eleanor is a universal favorite with teachers and pupils alike.

MATTIE MAE MORRIS

Mattie Mae believes that "children should be seen and not heard," and acts accordingly. Don't get the impression that Mattie Mae is timid or bashful, though, because she can make an oral composition for Miss Woods and not be in the least flustrated like the rest of us. She has, however, progressed farther than most of our class for she associates with college students, the college being situated near the University Hospital. Aside from this, Mattie Mae has one of the best dispositions in our class and is an altogether popular girt.





LILLIAN MORGAN/

Really she is very good looking; not only does Senior C, agree to this but also J. Geo. Mc,—well, I had better not go into details. Lillian is a very marrelous girl, for hesides having good looks she is a wonderful dressmaker, and it is because of this fact that she always dresses in the latest fashions. Outstanding all other qualities there is her grand disposition. We trust that Lillian will make a successful business woman, but according to her choice of matter in dictation for shorthand, we think that she is considering another career than that of a business woman.

KATHERINE MOORE (

Katherine is one of the hardest workers in our class, being the only girl in it to have made the five years in four, and we expect her to accomplish still greater things. She is a girl that aspires high and "fair" for Vassar is her goal. Katherine works unusually hard when it comes to debating, or better, informal arguing.

ADDIE MUNDAY)

Addie is the latest addition to our famous Senior Class of '24. However, Addie has been a Sub, etc., along with the rest of us, only her debut into the Senior Class was delayed because of the latent appreciativeness of her teachers. Addie has, of course, won all of our hearts and we sincerely wish her success in her struggle for a dip.

LUCIA NORRIS 1

Lucia entered Tubman five years ayo and, like her class mates, she was very meek the first year. She recovered her equanimity in all classes, however, the second year, that is, until she became a dignified Senior and secured Miss Flisch for a teacher, when she lost all of her deep rooted serenity. Lucia is making a great struggle and we hope that she will be as successful in obtaining her dip as she has been in the past in athletics, for Lucia is one of our star B, B, planers.

ELIZABETH OLIVER !

Next in line comes "Liz," the Athletic girl. Elizabeth and Eunice form the Varsity clique, the main object of which is to usure the position of forward regardless of all other contestants. In our class are sharks and dambbells, but Elizabeth is neither one; we think her an all-round good sport.

ALICE PEEBLES (

When one actually penetrates the screen of Alice's timidity, she finds a love of sports and fun that is rare. Alice is a sweet, lovable girl, and although she says little, thinks a great deal, and when she calls herself your friend, she is one in the full sense of the word.

MARY PLUMB (

We never knew before what an orator we had in our midst until Mary revealed her beautiful poise, self-control and "Wait, I forgot," as she does in chapel. Really, she would make poor Ben Franklin and Pat Henry feel unimportant if they were here. Mary's attractiveness makes us all love her.

DOROTHY PUND !

We now have the unprecedented honor of presenting our most distinguished and velebrated class president. Can a prophet have honor in her own country! We count Dorothy as a priceless treasure of this class of natural phenomena, with her executive ability, her musical genius and her winning personality. But, alas, we fear that we can but inadequately appreciate her supernatural powers, for the world of fame must soon claim its own.

LAURA QUINNA

The Senior Class is proud of Laura Quinn, the shorthand genius, who has one of the sweetest personalities in Tubman. Laura is such an expert in her stenographic work that she has already taken a Civil Service examination and is contemplating taking Miss Hollingsworth's position. Laura has been a great help to the teachers by her willingness to do work for them and we do not know what Miss lrey would have done without her aid.

JULIA RHENEYA

Julia is one girl in many who never shirks her duties and can always be depended upon to do what she promises. With her lustrous hair and bright smile, she is a fascinating combination,





SARAH RIDLEHOOVER I

"Major Hoople," the eighth wonder of the world. Surah's hobby is big words. We honestly believe that she sleeps on the dictionary since that is the only plausible way for her to absorb the words that she uses, but since we don't know what half of them wenn, we can only sit back and grin. Nevertheless, Sarah is a jolly girl in spite of her big words and is the source of much of the fun in our sometimes monotonous days.

ROSELLE ROSENTHAL

Roselle is the champion bluffer of our class. We often wonder what would happen if she were to hand a paper in on time. This silvery-tongued girl has sauntered her way through Tubman with many friends and few enemies. Although she is "La Petite Chose," she is adequately fitted to make herself heard. We do not know what Roselle is going to be in the future, but she swely has the making of a novie star.

EUNICE SAWILOWSKY I

Three cheers for "Sally Wosky," the basketball raptain and all-round athletic star of Tulman! What would our class or school have done without Ennice to throw goals in the peppy basketball games? And what would the little Subs have done for a beloved "crush," for you know Eunive's recesses are all taken up in talking to her small admirers. Not only do we admire Eunive for her sportsmanship but for her frank and candid disposition.

KATHARYN SCHUMACHER!

"Trinvulo" hails from Illinois. Katharyn is one of those yirls that everybody likes in spite of a sarcastic nature. But the truth has no sting if it is told with the wittiness and goodwill with which Katharyn tells it. Katharyn is very good in lessons and takes particular joy in playing with the unimals in the biology "lab," but, all told, she thinks there is alwans time to giggle.

JENNY CLAIRE STEED

Everybody likes Jenny Chaire—superlative praise! She has a perpetual supply of good sense, good humor and strength of character. Smart! She can talk in Spanish, think in French, and write in English. Do not be so quiet, Jenny Claire, we all like to know smart people when we see them.

SARAH TANENBAUM

Surah belongs to the all-round type. She is a perfect shark in any aquarium of math., history, French, Spanish, or English. Some people say "Silewe is golden;" when Sarah does talk her words are platinum.

ADELAIDE THOMPSON

We have become so attached to Adelaide that we would feel no longer a class without her, "Dell" has helped to brighten many dark moments, for some of us—moments that would have laid quite u different ending had it not been for her. She smiles, says a word or two, and the storm passes on. "Dell" is clever and populor, too; she has been and still is an all around good sport.

LUCILE WHITLOCK

Altho yood-natured Lucile has her own opinions and is not afraid to stand by them, she is a friend to every one and if you will but let her talk to you, unintercupted, for half an hour you will be installed in her good graces for life.

LOUISE WREN

Lonise is widely known for her sweet disposition, her willingness to help others and her contagions laugh, for when Louise's merriment breaks bounds everybody else follows suit. She is very quiet in classes, however, and when next June comes she will surely get her "dip."



The Junior Class of T. H. S.

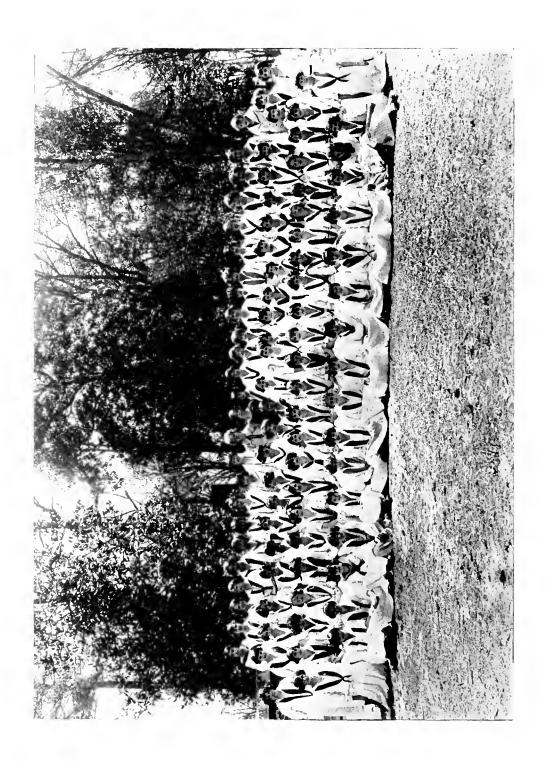
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I would not be a little "Sub"

To meet with many a jeer and snub;
Nor yet a Freshman would I be,
Whose greenness everyone can see;
Nor of those "Sophs" who, in their eyes,
Are great and grand and fine and wise;
Nor even of the Senior class,
Their day is over; they must pass.
Then what girls have ambition, hope,
Of almost endless range and scope?
What girls are square in all they do,
The finest classmates, all true blue?
The answer's this—no more, no less,
The Junior class of T. H. S.

-Velma Bell, '26.





Junior Class

+ +

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

Class Flower—Pansy

Motto—"Through the dust to the stars."

OFFICERS

Katherine Wiggins President

Edna Reynolds Vice-President

Isabelle North Secretary and Treasurer

-+ +

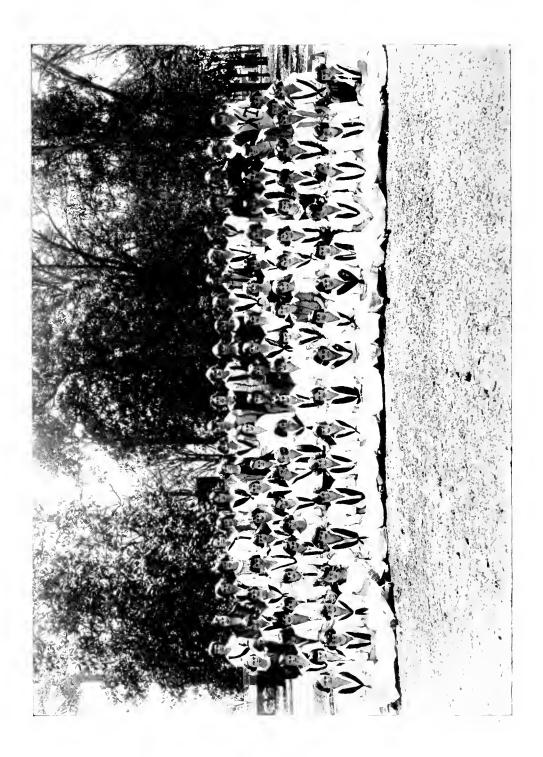
Adams, Inez
Adams, Kate
Adans, Kate
Andrews, Rebecca
Arnold, Emma
Baxley, Mary Lou
Beale, Gertrude
Bell, Dorothy
Bell, Velma
Bothwell, Ida
Branch, Catherine
Brooks, Emily
Brown, Eleanor
Brown, Mary
Burch, Evelyn
Bush, Margaret
Cain, Orrie
Cannon, Myrtis
Cartledge, Alice
Chancey, Bessie
Cook, Dorothy
Copeland, Ina Sue
Corley, Vaughn
Crenshaw, Emmie
Criswell, Martha
Culpepper, Margaret
Culpepper, Meryl
Danfoth, Alice
Downing, Mable
Edwards, Gladys
Edwards, Gladys
Edwards, Gladys
Edwards, Gladys
Edwards, Mary
Evans, Helen
Fell, Nellle
Franklin, Sarah
Friedman, Mollie
Fuller, Frances
Fuller, Philomena
Greene, Ruth
Grossman, Ida
Hall, Lillie Mae
Halk, Lillie Mae
Hawkins, Ethel
Heath, Violet
Helm, Irma
Henry, Lucy Goodrich

Hersey, Mary
Hill, Caroline
Hill, Elizabeth
Hilton, Myra
Hitt, Alma
Holmes, Louise
Johnson, Margaret
Jordan, Katherine
King, Margie
Lamar, Mary
Lawrence, Ruby
Lass, Annie Laurie
Leary, Martha
Martin, Annie Mae
McDaniel, Andrina
McElmurray, Bettie
McElmurray, Bettie
McElmurray, Mildred
McElmurray, Dorothy
McLendon, Elizabeth
Miller, Galdys
Mills, Willie Mae
Mobley, Virginia
Morgan, Mary
Moye, Catherine
Murphy, Virginia
Norrell, Frances
Norris, Sarah
North, Isabelle
O'Neal, Bernice
Otis, Elizabeth
Owens, Claudine
Owens, Mildred
Pankin, Elizabeth
Parks, Lucile
Pearl, Rosina
Perkins, Alice
Peterson, Louise
Phillips, Emma
Ponds, Dorothy
Ponds, Lauree
Printup, Ruby
Quinn, Susie

Reab, Laura
Redding, Helen
Reese, Louise
Reynolds, Edna
Roseman, Yetta
Rosier, Nellie
Sacre, Minule
Sammons, Lucia
Sawilowsky, Belle
Scarborough, Maydelle
Schwitzerlet, Louise
Shelfer, Zella
Sikes, Mary
Sims, Marie
Simowitz, Louise
Simpsou, Della
Sizemore, Arvonia
Smith, Dorothy
Smith, Onothy
Smith, Quilla
Spann, Alice
Spaulding, Rose
Spires, Nina
Steed, Lois
Story, Elizabeth
Summers, Alice
Sylvester, Doroselle
Tabh, Dorothy
Tunkle, Sadie
Vaughn, Minnie
Wall, Ida
Wells, Grayson
Weltch, Addie Sue
Wescont, Marguerite
Whaley, Ruby
White, Lilley
White, May
Whitlock, Eunice
Wiggins, Katherine
Wilhelm, Inez
Winder, Virginia
Woodall, Mary
Wright, Margaret
Zealy, Mary







Sophomore Class

+ +

Class Colors—Pink and White

Class Flower—Pink Rose Bud

Motto—"One for all, and all for one."

OFFICERS

OLA HUTCHESON President
SARA SHEPPARD Vice-President
BLANCHE POWELL Secretary and Treasurer

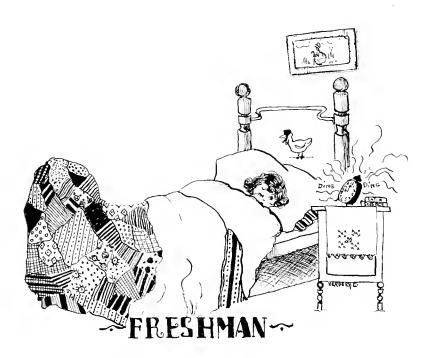
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Andrews, Lucy
Armstrong, Mary
Bannester, Ruby
Bell, Sarah
Bishop, Vivian
Bland, Frances
Bolin, Erma
Bolin, Erma
Bolin, Mary
Brawner, Georgia
Brooks, Mary Ellen
Brown, Agnes
Butler, Lonise
Burnette, Rutli
Carswell, Vern
Clark, Frances
Chew, Mary
Corbitt, Melvice
Currie, Margaret
Curry, Kathryn
Davis, Lucile
Davidson, Jean
D'Antignac, Martha
Dicks, Dorothy
Dicks, Helen
Downing, Clemmie
Dye, Ruth
Dykes, Lollie Mae
Ellison, Mary
Fair, Laura
Fennell, Helen
Fennell, Manrice
Fields, Mary
Fleming, Virginia
Fletcher, Mary
Fleming, Virginia
Fletcher, Mary
Ford, Allie
Fulcher, Eloise
Guilehrist, Erline
Green, Myrtle
Ginn, Margaret
Hagood, Ida May
Hair, Ruby
Hamilton, Elsie

Hardman, Catherine
Harvin, Mary Will
Hattaway, Leonora
Helmly, Louise
Holden, Lydia
Holley, Arvis
Howard, Langhorne
Hughes, Emma
Hughes, Emma
Hughes, Eulawene
Hutcheson, Ola
James, Meryl
Jester, Lila
Johnson, Floride
Jones, Clemmie
Jones, Elizabeth
Joplin, Katherine
Kelly, Lillian
Kelly, Lois
Kuhlke, Blanche
Lombard, Ruby
Luckey, Jaunita
Mayes, Myrtle
Matheny, Gladys
McCormick, Elton
McElmurray, Mary
McEwen, Helen
McLendon, Dorothy
Miller, Leone
Morgan, Katie
Morris, Virginia
Moye, Lonise
Murrah, Martha
Neary, Mera
Newton, Theo
Norris, Susie
O'Conner, Lessie
Oliver, Louise
Ovens, Jessie
Parks, Margaret
Perkins, Helen
Phillips, Augusta
Phillips, Alice
Powell, Alice
Powell, Alice
Powell, Blanche

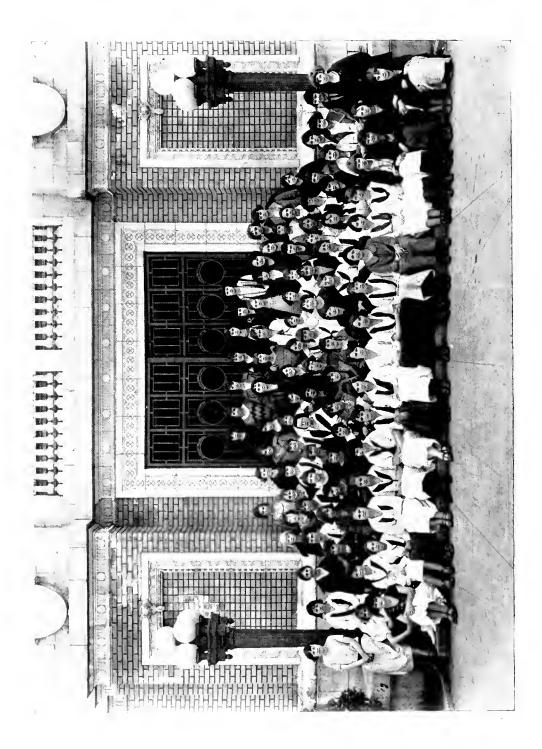
Power, May Belle Raburn, Julia Randall, Inez Rhodes, Sunie Rogers, Voncile Royland, Wimina Satcher, Emmalyne Sawilowsky, Estelle Schanfele, Iona Schneider, Heline Scott, Bessie Scruggs, Louise Selden, Eugenia Sellears, Eula Senn, Ressie Shellhonse, Lucile Sheppard, Sara Shivers, Asenath Shimoff, Pearl Simons, Hazel Smith, Ellen Steed, Helen Steed, Dene Steed, Helen Steinberg, Theresa Swain, Louise Tanenbaum, Minnie Tinley, Mary Thompson, Aberta Tommins, Minnie Tringg, Ellen Lyon Trowbridge, Lucile Turner, Annabelle Turner, Annabelle Turner, Margaret Vignati, Rosa Wallace, Betty Ward, Ruth Warner, Elizabeth Weathersbee, Iva Weigle, Kate Louise Williams, Lillian Williams, Sarah Whitaker, Mildred Wolfe, Frances





Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning
Oh! how Id love to lie in bed;
But the hardest blow of all is to hear my mother
call,

"You got to go to school, you got to go to school, you got to go to school this morning"



Freshman Class

+ +

Class Colors—Red and White

Class Flower—Red Rose

Motto-"To be, not to seem; to do, not to dream."

OFFICERS

+ +

Adams, Ruth
Akerman, Elizabeth
Allen, Elsie
Anderson, Annie
Anderson, Sara Ruth
Atkınson, Elizabeth
Bailey, Ossie
Bailie, Margaret
Bargeron, Edith
Barrett, Ann
Barton, Ludie
Bassford, Lee
Berry, Lottie Lee
Berl, Julia
Bennett, Lucy
Benson, Mildred
Berry, Lynelle
Bignon, Hilda
Blackstone, Inez
Bothwell, Mary
Boxx, Evelyn
Brazelle, Mildred
Brickle, Wylena
Britt, Ethel
Britton, Margaret
Broadwater, Katie
Broome, Verdine
Byrd, Hattie
Cadle, Gennie
Capers, Clara
Capers, Clara
Capers, Ernestine
Cates, Mabel
Canthen, Lonise
Chancy, Thelma
Chandler, Elizabeth
Cohen, Dora
Cooke, Irene
Coonor, Edith
Copeland, Ellen
Copeland, Ellen
Copeland, Ellen
Copeland, Sara
Crawford, Lucile
Crooke, Ethel
Davidson, Lila
Davis, Bennola
Deas, Dorothy
Dorn, Hazel
Dunham, Elizabeth
Dyches, Elizor
Edwards, Florrie
Elliott, Irene
Elliott, Margaret

Ellis, Marianne
Evans, Dellie
Farris, Nettie
Fender, Benlah
Ford, Catherine
Foster, Julia
Fox, Josephine
Gardner, Helen
Garner, Everlee
Garrert, Louise
Gay, Annie Lou
Getzen, Frances
Glisson, Estelle
Goldstein, Rachael
Grablowsky, Miriam
Grear, Evelyn
Grusin, Mollie
Grablowsky, Miriam
Grear, Evelyn
Grusin, Mollie
Gunter, Fearl
Haddlesay, Ruth
Hair, Elma
Hall, Dolores
Hall, Elwa
Hall, Uddine
Hancock, Iris
Hancock, Nellie
Hankinson, Stella
Harley, Carolyn
Harper, Maurene
Higgs, Odessa
Hildebrandt, Margnerite
Hill, Susie
Hisson, Vera
Horne, Ruth
Humphrey, Charlie Bell
Hurt, Maude
Hutto, Eugenia
Inglet, Doris
Levy, Yetta
Littleton, Helen
Lynch, Ida
Maddox, Thelma
Matheny, Katherine
Markwalter, Floretta
Maxwell, Jeanette
McCarty, Leila Belle
McCormack, Dorothy
Mobley, Jean
Moore, Elizabeth

Moring, Frankie
Murphy, Mary
Neibling, Mancy
O'Neal, Marguerite
Owens, Alice
Owens, Alice
Owens, Mary
Paltrowitz, Annie
Patch, Dorothy
Paters, Mary
Pate, Blondelle
Pederson, Dorothy
Peters, Mary
Pritchard, Mary Margaret
Reid, Carolyn
Redd, Lillian
Rodgers, Louise
Ruben, Rosa
Schneider, Sophye Lee
Seals, Grace
Shealy, Eugenia
Speth, Dorothy
Spires, Elsie
Stewart, Virginia
Stringer, Marguerite
Sturman, Ehzabeth
Tanenbaum, Minnie
Thomas, Mobel
Thomas, Norma
Thompson, Louise
Trowbridge, Nell
Turner, Robbie
Van Pelt, Lois
Verdery, Catherine
Wade, Louise
Walters, Helen
Walters, Helen
Walters, Helen
Walters, Bertha
Webb, Hattie
Wells, Marie
Whaley, Lula
Whitney, Sarah
Wiggins, Ruby
Wilcox, Julia
Williams, Sudie Boyd
Williamsson, Lillian
Williamson, Virginia
Wood, Margaret
Yearty, Annie
Young, Thelma









Three Tubman Vamps



Guess who they are.



The whole bunch.



Front!



All day suckers!



Stair steps.



The smallest and tallest.



"Like flowers that bloom in the spring trala
Our faces at Tubman you see,
But flowers you know most always do grow
So someday Seniors we'll be "
SUBS—



Sub-Freshman Class

<u>+</u> +

Class Colors—Black and Gold

Class Flower—Pansy

Motto—"To the stars through bolts and bars."

OFFICERS

Nancy Clark ________President
Connor Cleckley _______Vice-President
Maydelle Tunkle ____Secretary and Treasurer

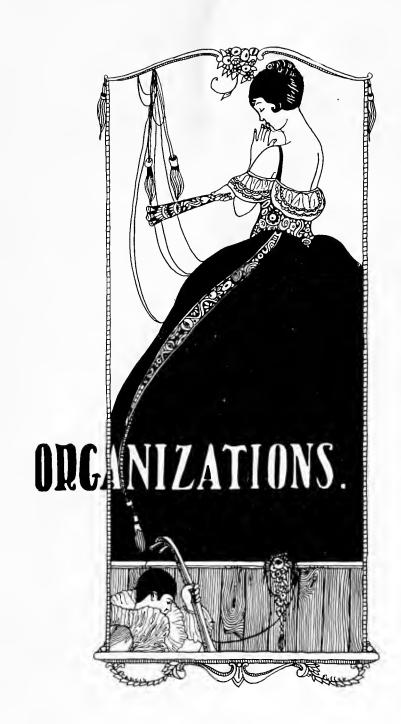
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Adams, Jaunita Allen, Matilda Anderson, Ruby Andronosky, Ida Belle Anthony, Sara Armstrong, Jaunita Anthony, Sara
Armstrong, Jaunita
Balbit, Mary
Baird, Alene
Baird, Sarah
Barchan, Irene
Beazley, Mary Alice
Blanchard, Mary Emma
Bothwell, Marguerite
Bowers, Marietta
Boyd, Elizabeth
Brady, Louise
Brigham, Mary
Brisendine, Elizabeth
Bristow, Annie Mae
Brown, Jaunita
Busbia, Marian
Byrd, Elizabeth
Caldwell, Mary
Canada, Thelma
Cartledge, Mildred
Casey, Muriel
Chavous, Audry
Cliett, Jeanett
Clark, Nancy
Clarke, Mary
Cleckley, Connor
Clemmons, Ruth
Cooner, Gertrude Clemmons, Ruth Cooper, Gertrude Copelan, Evelyn Crenshaw, Lucile Crickenberger, Corienne Crensnaw, Luctle
Crickenberger, Corient
Cromer, Cleo
Cully, Marion
Daly, Rosa
Danforth, Thomasine
Dansby, Marie
Davidson, Alma
becker, Dorothy
Derrick, Harriet
Dickson, Frankie
Doolittle, Katie Mae
Dorn, Martha
Dunn, Louise
Durden, Mary Willie
Edwards, Flossie
Edwards, Holse
Edwards, Martha
Edwards, Nettie
Edwards, Nettie
Edwards, Nettie
Edwards, Catherine
Flowers, Mary
Foster, Helen
Ferguson, Elizabeth
Gardiner Mary C Foster, Helen Ferguson, Elizabeth Gardiner, Mary C. Gerald, Evelyn Goldfarb, Margaret Goodell, Mabel

Goss, Margaret Griffin, Alice Gunn, Cecil Hagler, Evelyn Hair, Agnes Hardaway, Louise Hardaway, Louise Hardy, Beatrice Harris, Mary Harmon, Kathleen Harrison, Marian Henderson, Parmie Hoffman, Beatrice Holton, Agnes Hogan, Vivian House, Norma Hook, Lillian Howard, Ruth Huchingson, Mary Hulbert, Marie Inglett, Norma Jarrell, Gerfrund James, Elma Jennings, Billie Johnston, Kathleen Jones, Ann Johnston, Kathled Jones, Ann Jones, Catherine Jones, Edna Jones, Frances Joplin, Mary Kelly, Mary Kent, Lillian Kitchens, Elinor Knight, Edna Kent, Lillian
Kitchens, Elinor
Kitchens, Elinor
Knight, Edna
Koss, Nellie
Lamar, Cary
Lamback, Dolly
Lamkin, Nora
Layton, Marian
Levy, Rose
Lonergan, Alma
Maemurphy, Adele
Macky, Elizabeth
Maldox, Gladys
Maddox, Gladys
Maddox, Mildred
McCarthy, Lonise
McClain, Phrontis
McCollock, Evelyn
McCormack, Catherine
McEwen, Cawthon
McKenzie, Leona
McNutt, Helen
Miller, Martha
Minnis, Margaret
Mobley, Lydia
Monfgomery, Daisy
Moore, Lonise
Morgan, Agnes
Moring, Margaret
Morris, Adrienne
Mumford, Ruby
Neal, Georgia
Nixon, Catherine Nixon, Catherine

North, Wallace Oliver, Lottie Owens, Carolyn Owens, Margaret Peebles, Cary Printup, Elizabeth Ramyay, Elizabeth Printip, Elizabeth Ramsey, Florence Rennison, Alma Rennison, Nellie Rhodes, Anna Kate Rheney, Louise Rickerson, Katie Rickerson, Una Ridgely, Elizabeth Rivers, Elizabeth Robinson, Laura Rock, Esther Rivers, Enzabeth Rivers, Enzabeth Robinson, Laura Rock, Esther Rogers, Edna Rowe, Daisy Rowe, Edna Saunders, Elise Saunders, Elise Sawilowsky, Birdie Scarboro, Elsie Seago, Edna Sherlock, Sarah Shivers, Mary Skinner, Margaret Smith, Margaret Smith, Ellen Smith, Idazel Steele, Ruby Spaulding, Mary Stanford, Roesel Stockton, Merle Stoniker, Carrie Stoniker, Hattie Story, Ruth Street, Ellen Sullivan, Katherine Sunora, Misra Rogers, Mary Street, Ellen Sullivan, Katherine Sunora, Misra Rogers, Stanford, Rossel Stockton, Merle Stoniker, Hattie Story, Ruth Street, Ellen Sullivan, Katherine Sunora, Misra Rogers, Mary Sunora, Misra Rogers, Mary Stanford, Rossel Rogers, Misra Rogers, Marketter, Ellen Sullivan, Katherine Sunora, Misra Rogers, Marketter, Ellen Sullivan, Katherine Sunora, Misra Rogers, Rogers, Roger Sullivan, Katherine Sumerau, Alice Thomas, Myra Tommins, Louise Tommins, Louise Toole, Grace Trader, Ruth Tunkle, Maydelle VanPelt, Elizabeth Vaughn, Evelyn Walker, Elizabeth Wall, Thelma Walton, Dell Walton, Susan Ward, Annie Kate Watson, Fay Watson, Fay Watson, Lola Belle Watson, Lola Belle Weathers, Annie Kale Williams, Allene Wilson, Margaret Wilson, Maudie Womaek, Ruth Yates, Frieda Young, Margaret







Elizabeth Kreps Mabel Downing Marguerite Wescoal
Marion Andrews Velma Bell
Margaret Lockhart Saruh Ridlehoover Isabelle North
Louise Bulk Susie Quinn
Elizabeth Oliver Edna Reynolds

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+ +

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Margaret Lockhart	 _Business Manager
Marion Andrews	 Li*erary Editor
ELIZABETH KREPS	 1rt Editor
LOUISE BALK	 Picture Editor
ELIZABETH OLIVER	

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Marguerite Wescoat	188istant Editor-in-Chief
Isabelle North	Assistant Business Manager
VELMA BELL	1ssistant Literary Editor
Mabel Downing.	
Susie Quinn	
Edna Reynolds	



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MISS PLUNKETT	
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ELIZABETH OLIVER	Senior Representative
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MR. T. H. GARRETT	Principal Ex-officio Member
LUCILE MEYER	
EUNICE SAWILOWSKY	

Mary Plumb Mary Edwards
Cheer Leaders



Tubman Glee Club

+ +

OFFICERS

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MARY PLUMB Vice-President

LUCILE MEYER Secretary *

MARY EDWARDS Treasurer

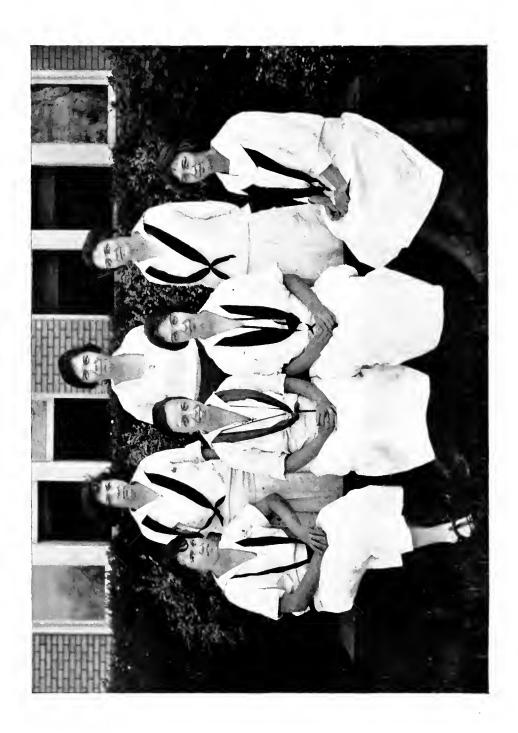
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Green, Myrtle Griffin, Alice Holley, Arvis Hixson, Vera Johnson, Margaret Kelly, Lois King, Margie Kreps, Elizabeth Langston, Annie Lee Lester, Martha Maxwell, Jeanette Meyer, Lucile Miller, Eulalia Miller, Gladys Mobley, Virginia Neary, Mera North, Isabelle Otis, Elizabeth Peterson, Louise Plumb, Mary

Plunkett, Sue Printup, Ruby Pund, Dorothy Reynolds, Edna Rowland, Wilmina Sims, Marie Speth, Dorothy Stanford, Roesel Steinberg, Sarah Wall, Ida Wallace, Betty Walters, Louise Weigle, Kate Louise White, Lilley Wiggins, Katherine Wilcox, Julia Young, Margaret Zealy, Mary



The Honor League Council

+ +

ELIZABETH KREPS		President
KATHERINE WIGGINS		Secretary
Ivy Hixson	Senior	Representative
IDA WALL	Junior	Representative
Elizabeth Warner	Sophomore	Representative
Bessie Scott	Freshman	Representative
Lila Davidson	Sub-Freshman	Representative

MISS ANNIE M. PAGE

Mrs. M. Hurst

Faculty Representatives

The Honor League

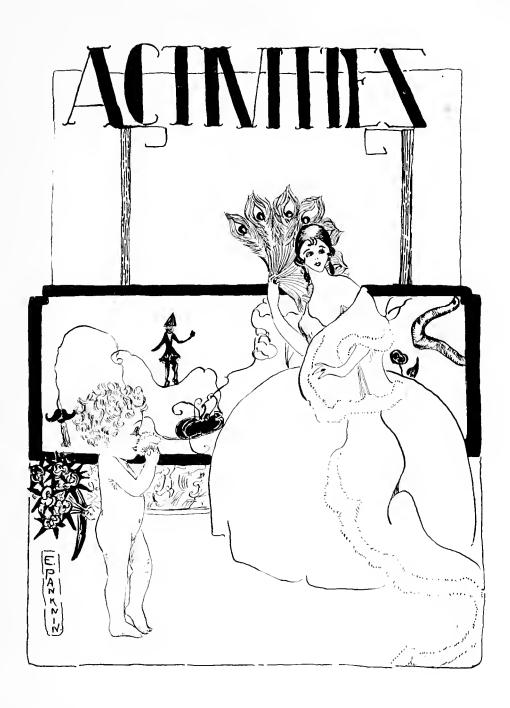
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When we lay our books away
On our graduation day,
When we leave old Tubman's halls to do and dare,
When we seatter far and wide,
We will still be true and tried.
For the "Honor League" has taught us to be square.

When we lay our books away
On our graduation day,
We will keep the standards high we learned in school.
"Leagued in Honor" binds us fast,
With high ideals that will last.
We will make "Be Square" our motto and our rule.

When we lay our books away
On our graduation day,
Things worth while we shall remember when we part.
Character cannot be bought.
This is what our league has taught.
Its ideals we will cherish in our hearts.

-ELIZABETH KREPS, '24.



Senior Class Day

History of the Class of 1924

HE CLASS of 1924 has had a hard road to travel and we might truly be termed the "hard luck" Class of Tubman. Our work has been ceaseless and our tasks have been difficult, and many a time has our future looked gloomy and uncertain. But we struggled on with our renowned, unquenchable zeal, and now, with our goal in sight, we are able to look back over our five years with pride in our achievements.

In the fall of 1919, with one hundred and ten members, we entered Tubman, not as Freshmen but as the first Sub-Freshman Class. As we were the youngest class Tubman had ever had, we received more than our share of teasing and initiation. We held ourselves aloof from such as this and went our way calmly. However, our Sub-Freshman year was not without importance, for several memorable events occurred. Two organizations which have been greatly beneficial to Tubman, The Honor League and the Athletic Association, were first established with, no doubt, the help of our great influence. The Sub-Freshman Glee Club was also organized and presented the charming operetta, "The Wild Rose." In order to record the numerous school activities the first edition of Tubman's annual, "Maids and a Man," was published in 1920. Thus we passed through the never-to-be-forgotten days of the perennial greenness of our Sub-Freshman year.

The outstanding features of our Freshman year were the Lyceum Course and the May Festival. How eagerly we looked forward to the Lyceum numbers, for, not only were they interesting, but they enabled us to miss several class periods.

It would have been difficult to find a class containing more representatives in all the different phases of high school life—literary, social and athletic—than ours in our Sophomore year. Especially did we prove our athletic provess, for we were all represented on the varsity squad and a Sophomore captained the team.

Again, in our Junior year, hard luck walked hand in hand with us, for new subjects were added to our curriculum.

This turn of fortune would have "downed" almost any class, but the Junior Class of 1923 was made of sterner stuff. To show our love for the present Senior Class, we entertained them with a delightful party at Tubman. We, in turn, as future Seniors of Tubman, were entertained by the College Club.

At last we are the Seniors of Tubman—but—where are our Senior privileges? We have none. Indeed, the privilege of exemption from exams has, during our last year, been taken away from the Senior Class. There are very few girls in our class who have ever had to stand exams, so it was exceedingly hard to become accustomed to this ordeal. We had no time to feel our greatness, having to study for exams instead. But we have proved true to our motto, "We will find a way or make one," and in no respect has our record failed to reach the high standards of our predecessors. For sincerity and earnestness of purpose are certainly the characteristics of the Senior Class of 1924, and may these characteristics carry each and every one safely through life's trials and tribulations, as they have led us safely through our high school defeats and triumphs.

-Ruth Hardin, Ex. 24.

E, THE SENIOR CLASS of Tubman High School, City of Augusta, County of Richmond, State of Georgia, being weak and feeble in body, yet of sound and disposing mind and memory; and forced now in our declining days to realize that our five years of mental and physical anguish will soon be over; for the purpose of making known our wishes concerning the last sad rites to be observed over our remains; to provide for the comfort and safety of those who are dependent on us; to dispose of our worldly possessions in a lawful manner; to express our gratitude to those who have extended a helping hand and softened our falls in this cruel world; and for all other purposes that the law may deem right and necessary, do hereby declare and ordain this to be our last will and testament:

ITEM I. To Miss Leonora Ivey we bequeath Senior B's "family comb" and a sixty cents cutex set.

ITEM II. To Miss Nachman we leave a megaphone to aid her in calling study hall rolls.

ITEM III. To Miss Norwood we leave a pair of tweezers.

ITEM IV. To Miss Kinnear we leave a complete set of Ethel M. Dell's works for use in her English classes, hoping that she will persuade Mr. Garrett to add these to the library.

ITEM IV. Realizing Miss Green's desire to get thin, we leave to her a five pound box of Hollingsworth's "Unusual Chocolates."

ITEM VI. To Miss Frank and Miss Chiles we leave one pair of electric curling tongs.

ITEM VII. To Miss Eve we bequeath six pairs of rubber heels, hoping said articles will soften her footsteps along the halls.

ITEM VIII. To Miss Comey we leave a parrot whose entire vocabulary consists of the word, "Why."

ITEM IX. To Miss Abernathy we wish to leave our sincere appreciation and love for her help and advice and as a constant reminder of our class we leave her a box of all day suckers that she may live her childhood days over again.

ITEM X. To the library we bequeath our most priceless possession, Sarah Ridlehoover, better known as "Major Hoople," The Walking Dictionary."

ITEM XI. To all teachers who are in favor of exams for all Seniors we leave our gratitude and desire to assure them as never before that we realize the wisdom of their decision.

ITEM XII. To our three assistants who gather in the office we leave a year's subscription to the "Whizbang."

Realizing that tokens of love and appreciation should be bestowed on the living rather than on the dead, we leave the following articles to members of the class of 1925:

To the entire Junior Class the Senior Class leaves the privilege of taking all exams.

To Lucy Goodrich Henry we leave a pair of Kress "earbobs" and a triple compact.

To Ruby Whaley we leave a "Ma! Ma!" doll to satisfy her simple and childlike desires.

To Alice Summers we leave a year's subscription to "Photoplay," hoping this will stimulate her interest in the movies.

To all supporters of Darwin's Theory of Evolution we leave one Elizabeth Oliver, known as "Little Osmosis, The Monkey Girl, The Long-sought-for Missing Link." Her sighs are almost human.

To Velma Bell we leave the daily delivery of one package of peanuts, thereby saving her a trip to the lunchroom.

To Mary Woodall we leave a bottle of the choicest bugs, hoping these will satisfy her dainty tastes.

To Mary Brown we leave an alarm clock to enable her to get to school on time.

To Katherine Wiggins we leave a book entitled "How I Overcame Bashfulness," by Sarah Dowling.

For the purpose of disposing of all other property not here-in-before bequeathed we appoint our faithful janitors, Mose Green and Austin Morman.

Done in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred twenty-four.

KATHARYN SCHUMACHER, Testator.

Witnesses:

Eva,

MATTIE,

HATTIE.



PROPHECY

HAT'S this?" we exclaimed in unison, we referring to myself and my two friends, Madaline and Dorothy. The cause of our excitement was a "New York Times," the head-lines of which read:

"SPECIAL TONIGHT AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE,

"Review of Tubman Class of 1924—Moving Photography by Radio,"

Under this was an explanation of the marvelous scientific discovery by Madame R. Finklestein.

"Not Rose?" Dorothy said, as we wound our way Knickerbocker-ward. But, it was none other than our old friend who had made a small fortune from her wonderful invention.

"Yes, girls," said Rose, "I got in touch with every one of our class by radio, except you three. Where have you been?"

"That's a secret," we replied, having sworn to keep our former experiences to ourselves.

"Girls, the first public appearance of my radio pictures begins at eight this evening. I have a box reserved for my old Tubman friends, so don't be late," called Rose as she rushed to a meeting of the foremost inventors of the decade.

As the heavy velvet curtains parted at the Knickerbocker Theater the night of this great event, there were four very excited former Tubmanites waiting expectantly to see the effect that the years had had on their old school mates.

The first scene was an expensively furnished office, and a small bit of feminity signing a paper. A man was standing close by with an expression of relief on his face as she signed the contract. At the same moment, I recognized the girl as Natalie Merry and the man as Flo Ziegfield. Evidently Natalie is going into the Follies.

Like a page from "Jo's Boys" was the next flash, for there, surrounded by a group of children, was Eleanor Morris, who is a second Jo in her Orphan Asylum. By the way, I noticed Eleanor had a sylph-like form—lucky girl, she must have been working hard!

Another crowd of children arrested our attention, but they were this time in a schoolroom. Onic Hisson was going from one group of children to another, showing them how to cut out and paste paper. She is a kindergarten teacher at the Woodlawn school in our home town, Augusta, Georgia.

A small shop on Fifth Avenue made us even more interested than before. An altractive sign read "Henna Villa." On one side were several small compartments where women were having their hair changed to a glorious shade of henna. Searching for the proprietors, we found Ruth Hardin, taking life easy in her rushing business. So Ruth is a dyer of hair—I

wonder if she is still a breaker of hearts? I noticed another familiar figure operating a permanent hair-waver—none other than Catherine Belding. So she is Ruth's curler—no wonder her own tresses were always so immaculately curled.

The next scene took us to an estate in England, and there, on a sunny tennis-court, was Margaret Lockhart. Pardon me—Lady somebody; she married a nobleman, and is evidently very happy. Her face reflected her happiness. Oh, yes, her husband is on the court also. I was so interested in Margaret I almost forgot him.

"Lucia Norris is not really the trainer of the United States Basketball Team!" we exclaimed, as we saw her little figure on the screen. But sure enough, we were not mistaken. She was the trainer and, from the reports, quite an able one. I also heard she was an able housewife for a celebrated athlete. I wonder?

An adorable little farm house which now came into view naturally made us feel that one of our class-mates had married a farmer. However, our supposition was wrong, for there, in a field, we saw three girls dressed in overalls. They were Lucile Whitlock, Louise Wren and Julia Rheney, who run the most up-to-date truck farm in their part of the country.

But, ah! one member is married and lives in an equally adorable farm house. She is Jennie Claire Steed. I noticed a little girl in the yard; I wonder if she is Jennie Claire, Jr.? She looked very much as if she might be.

The next tlash was of the Opera trouse in Paris. There, on the stage, was a vision of loveliness playing a violin. The house was packed, and every face reflected the beauty of Dorothy's playing. So Forothy Pund has made a wonderful success; but it is no surprise, for she was always a success. While the radio pictures showed Dorothy playing, the radio in the theatre broadcasted her music.

We were brought back to earth by the change in scenery. Instead of the well-filled theater in Paris was a packed school room in another part of the same city. Blanche Jones, as the head of the English department in this school, was helping the little Frenchmen learn our language.

"Ah! King Tut's tomb," we thought, as the next scene flashed on the screen. But, no, some other old Egyptian's tomb. That of King Limburger, about whom we had heard so much. The discoverer was Sarah Tanenbaum, who is









an excavator of ancient tombs. So it was Sarah who brought King Lim to the light and started the Lim craze.

We wondered who the beauty of our class was, as we saw indications of a beauty contest taking place. Of course it was Addie Munday; she is still as pretty as ever and winning laurels by her beauty. By the way, she represents Miss America in the world-wide contest.

A pathetic scene was the next. That of the slums on the East Side of New York. Two kind young ladies were doing their part to relieve the suffering in that gruesome section. They were Annie Sue Brawner and Mattie Mac Morris. We noticed a small band and a large diamond on the third finger of each girl's band. Wonder who the lucky men are?

To the sloping, shady lawns of a Spanish villa, on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, the next flash took us. On the lawn beneath the tropical palms was a group of dancers, lovely in their filmy costumes. But our attention was immediately attracted to the central figure, which was grace itself. Lucile Meyer. After all, she didn't settle in Aiken, but maybe he settled in Buenos Aires.

The next scene was such an entirely different one from the last that the contrast was beautiful. St. Moritz, Switzerland, with the winter sports at their height. Every muscle was tense, and every eye in the audience was strained as a little form, dressed in white knickers, white sweater and a white tam, poised on the edge of a mountain of snow and glided into a snow-bed below. On close observation we found the girl to be Mary Mercer Jackson, who had just won the skiing championship for the United States in the National Olympics.

"Les Petits Chapeaux" we read on a shop that looked as if it might be in the Bon Air-Vanderbilt in Angusta. Sure enough, it was, and we saw that the proprietress was Mademoiselle Dorette d'Evanyces. Looking inside, we found Dorothy Evans, a petite girl of our former school days.

A very entrancing studio, evidently in Greenwich Village, naturally made us wonder. But soon our wonderings were at an end for we found Elizabeth Kleiner in an artists' smock painting gay pictures. After all, Elizabeth fulfilled our suppositions as she was always artistic.

The next view took us to Tubman's Commercial Department. We could hear some one saying, "Any questions? Take out a piece of paper and a pencil." Miss Hollingsworth's

successor was no other than Laura Quinn. Laura had not only acquired Miss Hollingsworth's position but also all of her efficient habits.

Next we were greeted by a group of models who held us spellbound by the most attractive creations both in hats and dressing apparel. Immediately we recalled our talented class dressmaker and milliner; these models were advertising "Morgan's Smart Sets," which are owned exclusively by our old school chum, Lillian Morgan.

"Many missionaries needed in Japan. Miss Lindsey Buck saves many lives by her faithful service," was the headline of the Augusta Chronicle. So Lindsey did obtain her life's ambition to become a missionary; only she must have changed her mind about going to Alaska and having an Eskimo romance.

Who is this fair miss dancing so gracefully on her toes? Can it be our friend, Eunice? No one would have ever thought that ten years would change our most modest and reserved school mate into a Hippodrome dancer. Without Eunice Chapman the Hippodrome could not hope to succeed.

"Augusta Gas Company. We will send a man immediately to connect your gas stove. You are welcome." We easily recalled the polite manner and quiet dignity of our friend, Marie. Marie Guy continues to please everyone; it appears to be part of her life's ambition.

"May I make an announcement, Mr. Garrett? The varsity squad will stay for practice this afternoon at 3 o'clock." It must be Miss Ivey continuing to make announcements. Alas! when the face was turned it revealed the one of Eunice Sawilowsky. Eunice took a course in physical training, came back to supplant Miss Ivey, and is now coaching the famous all-star basketbalt team of Tubman.

"What glorious music!" remarked Mary and Madaline. The music was coming over the radio and Thompson's Symphony Orchestra was playing. Adelaide Thompson is its able director, so we do not marvel at the band's being in demand all over the world.

The extraordinary amount of traffic that passes Fifth Avenue and Broadway is New York's latest problem. The city is aware of the fact that it is not a case of necessity but only because a fair, blue-eyed miss directs the traffic. She has well deserved the name, "The Best Loved Cop in the United States." Her









picture was displayed to us and it was that of our smiling and ever-willing friend, Annie Ellioft.

The Augusta Herald had as its headline, "Ghost Mystery Discovered. A noted speaker who is originally of Augusta will address a large crowd at the Imperial Theater, Friday, at 5 o'clock." When we read this Madaline could not remember, and Mary protested that she might make a bad guess as to who this would be. However, I had not forgotten the oral composition days in Miss Comey's room when our teeth were made to chatter and knees tremble by the ghost stories of our class orator, Maxine. For further information read the "Ghost Monthly," published by Maxine Miller.

After pinching ourselves and finding that we were still very much awake, we noticed a throng of people gathering around a great rock. On top of this rock was a dainty miss trying to imitate Mary Pickford in the play of old, Rosita. She was strumming her banjo and singing most effectively. A note of explanation was that Miss Ella Mae Gunter had been asked to interpret that part because of her pleasing voice. Ella Mac is a prima donna in grand opera.

"Today is Monday, Monday bread and but-ter, Tuesday string beans." I don't know whether shallow or great minds run in the same channel, but we all exclaimed in one tone, "Hasn't Miss Halbert forgotten that school chant yet?" Evidently Miss Halbert had, but Annie Lee had not since she was directing the Tubmanites of 1934. Annie Lee was a member of the Tubman 1924 Glee Club and we are inclined to believe her many pensive poses at school were all about how she would obtain Miss Halbert's position. Well, she has suf-ficed her desires and is considered one of the ablest music directors Tubman has ever pos-

The next scene was an appropriate one for any love story. At a distance could be seen two lovers gamboling beneath the blue sky. We were informed that it was the noted Mr. Gonzalos and his bride, who were enjoying a belated honeymoon in the Golden West. Mrs. Gonzalos had been the secretary of the Gonzalos Tobacco firm until she had completely captivated the president with her alluring personality. Enter Mrs. Gonzalos, in the past Marion Andrews.

We were fascinated by the act which followed. Many happy children were dancing around their youthful teacher. Have we forgotten the clever contriver who studied the least and yet succeeded in impressing the teacher as knowing the most? Louise continues to pursue her old hobby, dancing; only now she receives pecuniary compensation for her ability as a dancing teacher.

Once more we had a glimpse at the Commercial Department of Tubman. In there we saw a teacher opening the four books of original entries on the blackboard; no doubt it was expanation for more stupid students. Next we asked Miss Davis who taught her when she attended Tubman. We found that Edna was teaching bookkeeping; she always made the low mark of 99 in 1924.

A thrilling event was then displayed. An immense aeroplane was flying over the heart of the city of Angusta. The aviatrix was no other than Sarah Green. Sarah had perfected a new plane, modern in every way, and an improvement over the others. A daring young damsel did various terrifying stunts while she held on to the moving plane with one hand. When the plane landed, the brave Miss was found to be Lillian Hogan. Lillian is assisting Sarah in advertising her new invention.

The next scene showed us a "petite" figure, at an immense desk, whom I did not at first recognize. But as she dropped her head in a characteristic pose, I realized that it was Sarah Emma Ridlehoover, still writing. Rose explained that she is soon to publish "The Philosophy of Originality," which bids fair to be "the book of the decade." We all immediately resolved to buy a first edition. I, for one, had always wondered how Sarah Emma did it.

We saw, following this, a dainty dancer picking her way across the street, on a rope strung dangerously high. As she turned to make her concluding bow we all cried, "Alice Carswell."

Suddenly the band struck up "The Sheik," that much abused air of 1922, and we all wondered what in the world could be coming next. There was flashed on the screen the lone figure of a woman crossing the desert on a camel, and as she turned to see the horizon, we recognized Louise Balk. Dorothy whispered something about a recent article which proclaimed her the leading "archeologist" of the day.

We were brought back to the familiar by the view of the interior of a law office. At two similar desks, there were seated two businesslike figures whom we recognized as the Dowlings (both were engrossed in huge volumes of







something or other). "Stenographers?" I put it as a question, and Rose silently answered by pointing toward the door, where there was a sign, "Lowling and Dowling: Partners at Law," We wondered if they ever quarreled over which was the Senior member? Then some one volunteered the information that Elizabeth was engaged, and would be married soon, to a redheaded light-house keeper.

Our attention was then drawn to a large baseball field. The crowd was wildly cheering as the "man-up" was just completing a home run. But the "man-up" proved to be none other than Ruth Hinton. Induced by her love for the game, she had refused to let her sex interfere. Also, it is rumored that she and the manager were engaged.

And Katherine Moore? We saw her making a speech to Congress, for she is the first woman President. No doubt this was brought about by her early interest in politics, acquired in Miss Flisch's room. By the way, Katherine went in on the Democratic ticket.

Suddenly someone gasped; I looked and gasped, too. For there was Roselle Rosenthal in the most ardent embrace of some young blonde man. Oh! but just as the situation became most interesting, I remembered seeing that Roselle was to try out for a particularly dramatic part in one of New York's latest dramas. Well, judging from Roselle's ability to make love, we would say, "Give her the place."

"First appearance of Madame Rosita Frasier, the 'Second Paderewski,'" was the head-line of the Augusta Herald. Here's hoping that the performance will be better attended than most of such musical affairs in Angusta are. Anyway, our old home town is not hopelessly behind in the musical world with such a talented musician as Rosa.

The next scene was laid in California amid lavish colors and gorgeous flowers. There was an outdoor class studying French, and we could hear the familiar "I ai, to as, il a." And the interesting young looking teacher was none other than Ivy Hixson. Katherine Crawford is assisting her for the present, but we understand that she is soon to leave for Colorado, where abides her fiance.

"What an adorable stucco bungalow!" exclaimed Mary, and it was, indeed. But the inside was even more entertaining. On a sofa, Carolyn was telling fairy stories, to two of the most cunning children, a boy and a girl, with the straightest black hair imaginable. Carolyn's husband entered, and we immediately understood "the wherefore" of the black hair. By the way, Harriet Alexander designed Carolyn's bungalow. We understand that she is making quite a success of it, and that all the society elite are having their homes designed by Harriet.

"America to be represented at Olympic Games by a former Augustan, Miss Elizabeth Oliver," proclaimed the head-lines of an article in the New York Times. We did not have time to read the article itself, but we are all betting on America. We know how Elizabeth's ability is from past experience.

And just as we were beginning to wonder where Elizabeth Kreps could be, there was flashed on the screen an odd-looking room which proved to be that of an inventor. Elizabeth was busily engaged with some queerlooking fluids, which Rose explained were very poisonous. Elizabeth works with poisonous gases in the Department of War, U. S. A. We know that she is an invaluable employee, for she makes herself invaluable in any place.

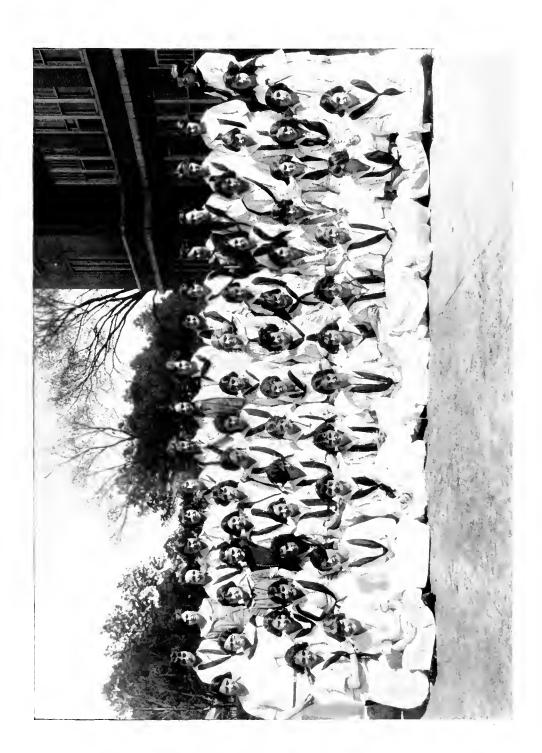
The next scene was indeed puzzling. Katharyn Schumacher was standing on a platform, surrounded by a crowd of people who all seemed to look upon her as the eighth wonder. "How is that?" many asked Dorothy. The latter looked puzzled for a moment, and then laughed as she pointed out a car which stood behind Katharyn on the platform. She said, "Katharyn has made a better car at a lower price than Ford has ever been able to make. Therefore, she is the beloved of millions, the hated of few (the few who have bought one of her cars.)"

As the curtains came together, we all turned to congratulate Rose on the invention, but we found that she had slipped out during the last scene. Consequently there was nothing left to do but wend our way homeward, all the while discussing the class of '24, which we voted as one of the best; and, as someone concluded:

"When we've claimed eternal splendor, And found Eternal Youth, Thanks be to you, dear Tubman High, Who taught Eternal Truth."

> MADALINE GREEN, '24. DOROTHY LEVY, '24, MARY PLUMB, '24.





Exemptions

(All Subjects)

+ +

SENIOR

Hinton, Ruth Hixson, Ivy Levy, Dorothy Lockhart, Margaret Moore, Katherine Schumacher, Katharyn Tanenbaum, Sarah

Dowling, Elizabeth

Andrews, Marion

Balk, Lonise

Andrews, Rebecca Bell, Velma Henry, Lucy Goodrich King, Margie

Carswell, Vera Davidson, Jean Downing, Clemmie Fiske, Mary Fleming, Virginia

Allen, Elsie Crooke, Ethel Davidson, Lila

Blanchard, Mary Emma Cleckley, Connor Cooper, Gertrude

JUNIOR

Lester, Martha Miller, Gladys Pearl, Rosina Quinn, Susie Sawilowsky, Belle

SOPHOMORE

Garrett, Mildred Howard, Langhorne Hutcheson, Ola Jones, Elizabeth Kuhlke, Blanche Neary, Mera

FRESHMAN

Edwards, Florrie Garrett, Louise Hankinson, Stella Hildebrandt, Margnerite Hixson, Vera

SUB-FRESHMAN

Derri k, Harriet Ferguson, Elizabeth Minnis, Margaret Skinner, Bessie Wall, Ida Wescoat, Marguerite Wiggins, Katherine

Rogers, Voncile Sawilowsky, Estelle Schneider, Heline Tanenbaum, Minnie Warner, Elizabeth

Stuart, Virginia Van Pelt, Lois Wiggins, Ruby

Robinson, Laura Wall, Thelma Young, Margaret



To the Boys of the A. R. C.

+ +

Here's to your pluck and your spirit,
Here's to your daring and wit,
Here's to the boys who are ready;
Boys who never quit.

Here's to your studious habits
In consuming the midnight oil,
Here's to your love of fairness,
The spirit in which you toil.

Whether at basket or baseball,
Football or track you work,
You do it with ready will,
Smiling, you never shirk,

So here's to the boys of A. R. C. May your troubles never begin, May the days be bright and joyous For our Nation's future men.

-Madaline Green, '24.

Soliloquy of Diana

+ +

T WAS midnight, and all the clocks were striking.

The closed eyes fluttered open, color came into the checks and the immobile body trembled slightly. Diana, the erstwhile sturdy statue in the hall of Tubman High School, was Diana the living goddess for just a night.

"Ah," she whispered softly. "Quiet! Everything is quiet. Such a difference between the noisy building of the morning and the quiet now!" She uttered a low throaty laugh as she remembered some of her past experiences in "that noisy building."

"Those girls—those dear careless, carefree girls! They are so different and yet so vitally alike, the girls of all times. Different, yes, how different! Wouldn't the simple girls of Ephesus have died to see the loads of books these girls carry! Dear me, how they fuss! Yesterday a little bobbed-haired Freshman remarked bitterly as she passed me: 'I don't see what good Latin does anybody, anyway. And goodness! what a lot of Latin Miss Dora gave us to translate. I'll never do it! Oh, mercy! Poor child; such a lot of little worries! Besides lessons and school, the girls of today dress so differently from the Greek maidens of long ago—with their flowing robes. Oh, these complicated Modern Dresses—I should never get into one! But really I do like the bright colors; they look so cheerful and young. There is a lot to be said of the girls of today, but I cannot bear the paint on their faces. It makes some of them look so grotesque. I was very much insulted when they painted me with their rouge and lipstick. How ugly I must have looked! I remember one of the girls saying, 'She looks sorta human now,'

"Ridiculous!" She laughed a bit, then continued. "I am so glad that the girls of this, my school, like to run and jump and throw. Yesterday I heard a tall slender Sophomore tell her friend that she hoped the Sophs, would win the cup in Field Meet. How like the competition in races and discus throwing contests in Greece!

"But, yes, a great many things are going to happen in a few weeks, besides the Field Meet. The Juniors are all excited over their Dutch Operetta and the grave and dignified Seniors are forever talking of Commencement.

"I've heard the plans of many a Commencement celebration and each June I think—surely this Senior Class is the best of all! They are so enthusiastic and happy.

"Ah, certainly my lot is a happy one, watching each day the flood of young girlhood pass through the halls of Tubman out into the world of dreams and success!"

-Margaret Johnson, '25.



Shh!

+ +

"Would you like for me to read a bit from Aunt Mary's diary, that she had when she was sixteen, instead?"

"Do! We're just crazy to see what she thought when she was our age.

"This page looks rather interesting. It is dated May 7, 1924. Be quiet while I read. 'I practiced all this afternoon for "The Magic Wheel." Of course, when I started to say my part, I forgot the beginning, just as I always do. The play will be tomorrow night and I must learn it before then!"

"I wonder if she did learn it," mused Margie.

"Hurry and read the next page," ordered George.

"We want to see what happened at the play," chimed in the two.

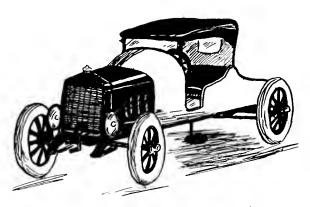
She continued reading: "'The Junior play is over. How relieved I am! What happened at it will take more than one page. So if you will let me, Diary, I will use tomorrow's page also. Before I left home, I reviewed my part over and over again so as to be certain to remember it, but several times I had to look on my copy to see how the speech started. We left home early in order that I would have time to dress, but once started, we decided to take an automobile ride. The result was that it was seven-fifty when the automobile rolled up to Tubman. The curtain was to go up at eight o'clock. I rushed to get dressed and finished just in time for my part. Emma pushed me on the stage.

"I looked around. Now, how did my speech begin? Oh! this is it. I started. This was the noblest—No! No! I was all wrong, for that was what I was learning the other day in "Julius Caesar."

"'If I had looked around to see the setting and the witch it would have been all right. But did I do this? No! I saw nothing but people chatting in the baleony, where I would have liked to be. Turning my head to the side, I saw Miss Halbert trying to direct me, but I couldn't tell what she was saying. My brain would not work; it was a blank. Then all was quiet. I couldn't say anything: I was dumb-founded, and the rest of the show depended on what I had to say! I thought of the saying, "Speech is silver but silence is golden," but I didn't think the audience would take it that way.

"The stillness was suddenly broken by a piping voice in the audience. "Mamma, I want the show to start." It was followed by a "shh!" from his mother. That was it. It was "shh" I wanted to remember. I then said my speech without any hesitation whatsoever. The show was a success. But what would I have done if that mother had not said "shh"?"

-Rebecca Andrews, '25.



The Ama-emma. Special.

The Way of A Maid

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I.

Oh, just for the joy of living!
I'm writing to tell to the world
I'm glad that I'm here to shout it,
"No longer am I a young girl!"

II.

I've had a hard road to travel
With lessons and homework galore,
But now its all gone forever,
And school work will haunt me no more.

III.

I'll spend every night a dancing,
May get me a "fellow" or two,
Then spend a few years in playing—
With lessons and homework, I'm through!

IV.

But there'll be a time a-coming
(When I've had my fill of gay life),
To furnish a tiny love nest
And be just an old-fashioned wife.

-Dorothy Pund, '24.





Varsity Squad

EUNICE SAWILOWSKY MARTHA LESTER

..... Captain

Business Manager

+ +

FORWARDS

ELIZABETH OLIVER EVELYN BURCH

ROSELLE ROSENTHAL EUNICE SAWILOWSKY HELINE SCHNEIDER ADDIE SUE WELTCH

CENTERS

Elizabeth Dowling DOROTHY LEVY

Lucia Norris Alice Summers

GUARDS

Myra Hilton SARVII LEE

RUTH HINTON ESTLLE SAWHOWSKY

SARAH DOWLING LUCILE MEYER



Wearers of the T

+ +

MYRA HILTON

Houest, this player is the swiftest piece of timber we have seen on the floor in many a day. Myra believes in that old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," and believe me! she succeeded this year. Was to the gay, young forward whom it fell her lot to guard!

ESTELLE SAWILOWSKY

The glory of her sister, Eunice, shines from Estelle, too. Although she was the baby on the team she made her presence felt! We expect great things from her next year. She can stick, get the ball, and place it where it ought to be. Go it, Estelle, you have the makings of a future star!

ELIZABETH OLIVER

Here we wish to present a star of the first magnitude. Whenever Elizabeth gets the ball the Tubman faus breathe a sigh of relief because they know it means another goal. The unfortunate miss who guards her has to do some stiff playing.

ELIZABETH DOWLING

Elizabeth, the lanky and rangy, has held down center for two years. She could not be with us last year on account of "Doctor's orders" and we felt her loss keenly. Basket ball is not her only accomplishment. She is an all round athlete.

LUCIA NORRIS

Our little, but loud, side center has done wonderful work this year. She played in all but one game and we certainly did miss her then. We missed her so that we nearly lost! You can always depend upon Lucia to be at the right place at the right time,

EUNICE SAWILOWSKY

To Eunice we award the wicker bath tuli for consistent good playing. Never call time on this young lady unless her shoe strings give way! Wherever she roams she deals death and destruction so that everyone steps out of her path. We chose right when we made her cuptain of Varsity, 1924.





Senior Team

+ +

+ +

FORWARDS

ELIZABETH OLIVER ROSELLE ROSENTHAL SARAH RIDLEHOOVER

EUNICE SAWITOWSKY

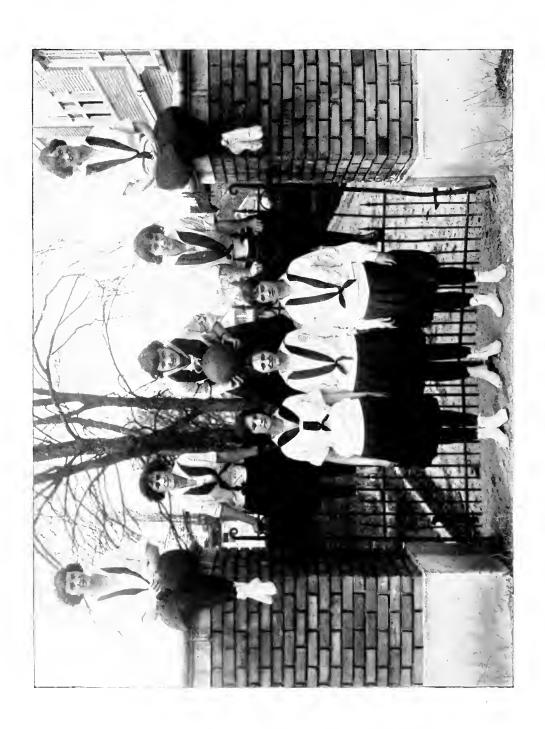
CENTERS

Elizabeth Dowling Lucia Norris Dorothy Levy

GUARDS

SARAH DOWLING RUTH HINTON LUCILE MEYER

MARY MERCER JACKSON



Junior Team

+ +

+ +

FORWARDS

Addie Sue Weltch Katherine Wiggins

FRANCES NORRELL

FRANCES FULLER

CENTERS

Alice Summers Christine Green GRAYSON WELLS ETLALIA MILLER

EDNA REVNOLDS

GUARDS

SARAH LEE LAUREE PONDS IDA WALL



Sophomore Team

l +

+ +

FORWARDS

Heline Schneider Evelyn Burch Minnie Tommins

CENTERS

ALICE SPANN GERTRUBE BEALE MARY FLETCHER

GUARDS

Estelle Sawilowsky Elizabeth Hill Wilmina Rowland Iva Weathersbee



Freshman Team

+ +

Julia Bell -

. Captain

+ +

FORWARDS

SOPHIE LEE SCHNEIDER .

JULIA BELL

PEARL SHIMOFF

CENTERS

MARIANNE ELLIS

MARGUERITE HILDEBRANDT

Elizabeth Chandler

GUARDS

Helen Littleton

Sarah Whitney Neil Trowbriege CATHERINE VERDERY



Basket Ball

+ +

B-oth Miss Ivey and Miss Plunkett
Were horrified to see

A- girl in bloomers with her stockings
Rolled below her knee.

"S-ay, you," they cried together,
"This is an insult fine;

K-eeps you off the squad
And from the 'T' sublime;

E-very speck of paint and rouge
That's packed upon your face

T-akes away your honors
And leaves you in disgrace.

"B-asket ball is for the girl
Who keeps her wits alive,
A-lways have a cheerful mien—
Thus help your team to thrive.
L-earn to take things as they come,
When playing on the courts;
L-et other girls be what they will,
But 'Tubmanites' are sports."

-ELIZABETH W. OLIVER, '24.

4 4

She held him close as close could be. Lest some one near should take him; She watched each move quite cautiously, Then found that she must shake him.

She threw him down so cold and hard—Oh, such a dreadful fall!
Her friends all yelled and wrung their hands—She'd dropped the basket ball.

-D. A. Pund, '24.



A Basket-bawl



Statistics

+ +

Prettiest	ADDIE MUNDAY
Most Intellectual	Marion Andrews
Most Stylish	Lucile Meyer
Most Athletic	EUNICE SAWILOWSKY
Wittiest	MARY PLUMB
Most PopularDorothy Pund	



Prettiest :: Addie Munday



Most Intellectual :: Marion Andrews



Most Stylish :: Leen't Meyer



Most Athletic :: Eunice Sawhowsky



Wittiest :: MARY PLUMB



Most Popular :: Dorothy Pund





When All the World is Young

+ +

NGELA stood at the little railroad station watching the train as it started slowly off and then gradually gathered speed until she could see it no more. That was the magic carpet that was taking Rosemary to the land of realized dreams, while she—she had been left behind to do nothing but wish for the rest of her life.

With tears of disappointment and sorrow, she turned from the station with Beverly, who had been patiently standing by her side. Though she said nothing, he knew intuitively where she was going,—to the Sacred Grove, as she and Rosemary had named it long ago, because it seemed to have an irresistible charm. There on the hilltop the pines seemed the tallest and the sky the bluest. Thither Beverly and Angela went. She always went there when she had a battle to fight. She sat down on a bed of pine needles and leaned against the biggest pine, with her hands clasped over her head. Beverly threw himself at her feet. How he loved this wonderful girl!

No word was spoken for a long time and the silence was broken only by the soft whisper of the pines, like the melody of an Acolian harp. Angela had her eyes immovably fixed on the southern sky that gleaned brightly through the pinetops. Surely Jason would rather have found her in the Sacred Grove than the Golden Fleece! She was the personification of youth, grace and beauty as she sat there in a goddess-like pose. Her short bobbed hair had stolen all the autumnal tints, and her eyes, now blue, now gray, were unlike any others in the whole wide world; while her nose, mouth, and chin could not have been more delicately or more firmly chiselled by Praxiteles himself. But, perchance, had Jason found her there and claimed her, he would have had a Herculean task in conquering her flaming, youthful soul. Eventually, Angela broke the silence by a rather violent outburst of speech.

"I don't see why I can't go too!" she exclaimed, almost fiercely. "In this little old town I can never, never be anything but plain Angela, while Rosemary—she will have every chance in the world; all honor will be hers, for she has already gone out to see what the world holds for her. But if the world has anything for me, I shall never know it. It isn't fair; it isn't fair! Why is it that some people get everything, and others nothing?" She looked at Beverly defiantly. He knew the mood and gave her a reproachful look.

"Ah, it isn't that I am jealous of Rosemary," she went on, "for I love her too much for that, and if she fails, her failure will only make my disappointments unbearable. No," she said more thoughtfully, sorry for her burst of

emotion, "it really isn't that I long for fame and fortune; I simply want to live my life. I want to follow a star, to get in the game, to sail on the ship, and to satisfy the longings of my soul! The world is calling to youth, and if youth doesn't answer the summons, soon it will hurry by, looking back with a sardonic, supercilious jeer. Everything will be lost, for the Golden Age comes but once in every life. But I am doomed to live here forever. The world will go on by, and oh, how I want to join the throng—to work, to lose myself in work, and just add something to the world. It is so beautiful, so lovely, and I want to search for the Beautiful too."

Angela felt her heart throb violently. The Beautiful lay at her feet. She looked down into the lovely little town now growing dim as the Master hand turned the glowing castles into softer colors.

"Is it true that love is the only thing after all?" she said softly. I am so young, but my intentions are strong, and you know that Hilary loves me." All was changed now.

Beverly could not speak. How he loved her, too!

Angela was silent again, but her thoughts were far happier; love had called forth all the beautiful in her. She saw a little white cottage, with a fairy roof, nestled under the sheltering care of a large, graceful fir tree, at the foot of which grew bright, red poppies. A little white gate opened into a small garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, through which a little flagstone path led to the steps of the fairy-like cottage. Dainty curtains fluttered at the windows, a cheerful fire shone from within, out in the dusk; little fairy figures danced through the cottage. The little gate opened. A beloved figure appeared—the king of the tiny domain. The queen opened the door of the cottage and hurried lightly down the flagstone walk to meet him. This was the incarnation of love, truth, and beauty; all else was as naught. The world did not scorn such as this; it gave it its greatest blessing, for nothing is greater than love.

Angela arose suddenly. "I long for nothing now, I have caught the vision of the Beautiful," she said. "Ah! how could I ever have been so blind? I know now that Hilary is the world, and everything that is in it, to me."

"You understand, don't you, Beverly?" she questioned, with all the affection of her lovable nature. "And I love you, also, but I suppose I shall have to give you up sometime."

Poor Beverly! He had loved her at first sight, with an undying love. He would do anything for this girl whom he worshipped, but some day she would be Hilary's forever. But such was his fate, for Beverly was only a dog.

SARAH RIDLEHOOVER, '24.

"Maybe?"

+ +

Maybe I'll study my lessons to-day, And maybe I'll learn them, too; Maybe I'll stay to basketball One time 'fore the season's through.

Maybe my "trig" 'll be right; you know It's awfully hard to get; And maybe I'll answer "Bugology" too— Oh, I may even do that yet.

Maybe Miss Page won't call on me, She might look over my head; So I won't even have to study a word That "Henri Quatre" has said.

AND BUT WAIT! TEN

Maybe they all will call on me— Oh, Heavens! what would I do? On second thought, I'll settle down, And study my lessons through.

Then maybe they'll ask me something I know—
A little bit surer way;—
And if I don't get called on at all,
I'll have a happier day.

'Cause "Maybes" are rather uncertain, you see, In this old world so bright. And the safest plan's to study hard, So (MAYBE) you can answer right.

MADALINE GREEN, '24.

Our Friends, the Trees

+ +

T is a fascinating thing to study the faces and personalities of people whom we meet on the street, but do we often think of the personalities of trees? There are different types of trees, just as there are different types of people, and each has its own individuality.

What is more charming than a peach tree in April? It is like a young girl, delightfully dainty in a soft pink dress. The silver maples are young girls, too, but they are of a different type. Their manner is lively and they are always laughing and easting twinkling glances at passers-by.

Then, too, there is our old friend, the oak. How rugged and staunch he is, not easily led into conversation, but always firm and true.

What gracious and cultured trees the elms and sycamores are. They are well aware of their charm, too, and hold themselves with conscious dignity.

A maple tree reminds me of a gypsy, dully red in the spring and gloriously red and gold when autumn comes. Like a gypsy, too, it flaunts its beauty by the streams and on the hills.

We have all seen people like the Lombardy poplars. They are aristocratic old ladies, very prim, but much given to gossip, and they go into a flutter of excitement over every breeze that passes.

The hickories are a delightful tribe. When young, they are slender and graceful, but strong like gallant knights in story-books, and even after they grow old they are courtly and dignified, and cast a hospitable shade about them.

A cedar of Lebanon always reminds me of a winter girl, bundled up in furs, with only a pair of laughing eyes showing under her close fitting cap.

And, last of all, there is the pine. Who can describe the personality of a pine tree, the noblest tree that grows? Dignified, yet friendly and always singing a low, soft song. A stately pine tree calls to mind a person of pure thoughts and high ideals. The very sight of a pine tree drives the clouds from my brain and makes me think of clear stars and bracing winds.

One might go on forever, describing these woodland and wayside friends, whose natures are as varied and interesting as those of our human friends, and if we cultivate their acquaintances, we need never be lonely.

What A Girl Told Me

l +



That_

"I eat molasses with my beans, I've done it all my life. It's not because I love 'em so, But it holds 'em on my knife."

That-

Statistics show that more Subs get married at Christmas than any other time. Christmas onght to come around oftener so Mr. Garrett would be relieved of a good many troubles.

That ---

"They sat together in chapel, Their heads were closely pressed. Miss Page punched Miss Comey, And Miss Comey did the rest."

That—

If Miss Braddy grows any more Tubman will have to be enlarged.

That-

Mr. Garrett's definition of a marriage certificate is:

"A written contract by which a woman is given authority to boss a man for the rest of his life."

Moral -- Experience is the best teacher.

That-

She knew a girl that heard a girl say that she would rather be Rudie's bootblack than President.

That-

If Miss Comey and a hurricane had a race, she would bet on the hurricane, provided Miss Comey stepped out.

That-

The reason so many doctors have skeletons in their closets is that they like to have a remembrance of their first patient.

That-

A girl said that as soon as she could kiss her elbow, she was going to buy a collar and a pair of socks and marry Emma Plunkett.

That—

Miss Woods had pistols and guns all over her house. Well, it has always been suspected that she likes having arms around her.

That-

Miss Anderson's French and Miss Comfort's designs are exactly alike. Both are beautiful but nobody understands 'em.

It is a fact that the moon does not affect the tide—only the untied.

That-

Never file letters—always trim them with the scissors.

That-

Miss Flisch, when she lived in Wisconsin, used to have a little pig named lak, because it was always running out of the pen.

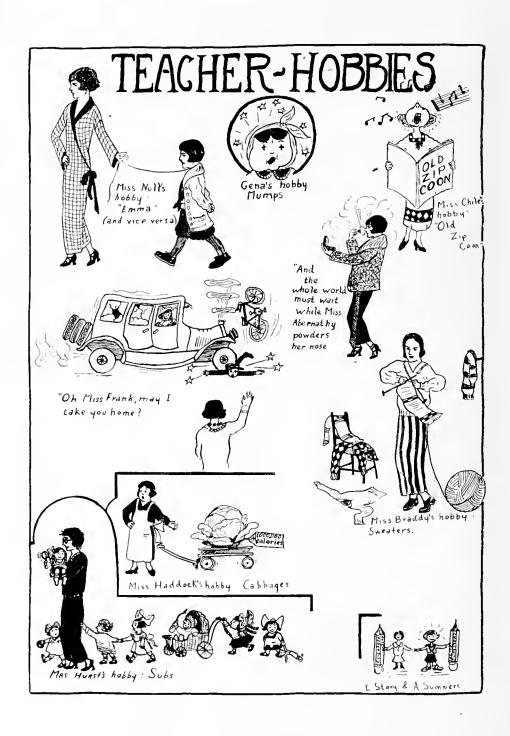
That-

Instead of its being, "Maids and a Man," don't you wish it were, "Men and a Maid," and you were the Maid?

That-

As to the verity of this little column, "If you believe it, it's so."

-Dorothy Bell, '25.



Which One

LICK! The sound of some hard object hitting the pavement! Everyone sipping his tea at the Cafe on the Champs Elysees looked up. They saw a much embarrassed young lady, dressed in green, staring at the pavement around her. What was she looking for? What had she lost? There now, that good looking young man was handing it back to her. It was only a locket.

The uninterested went back to their tea. Some young girls in a far corner giggled hysterically. Mothers with young daughters sat up and began to take notice. This young man, as one mother said to her daughter, looked to be a good catch. The rich air he had about him, the romantic way his jet black hair waved, the gleam of deviltry in his eyes, and the chivalrous way he returned the locket made the girls from sixteen to forty-six sigh with delight. Now he was walking away with the young thing with the green dress, green locket, and green eyes.

"A priceless emerald in this locket, I should say," said Jerry Kennedy to the alluring thing in green.

anuring thing in green.

"Quite," she replied; "it belongs to my mother."

The lady in green was walking slowly down the street. Jerry walked along beside her.

"Pardon, may I escort you to your destination, Miss—er—er?" said Jerry. "Mademoiselle Dupont," she said, "Hilda Dupont. No, I have been living

in Paris for nineteen years and I know it quite well by now. Merci."

Jerry was quite taken back. It was not often that a Kennedy of Kentucky was talked to in this manner. He looked up at Mademoiselle and, meeting her flashing green eyes, said half to himself. "Green, green as grass anywhere except in Kentucky."

"Kentucky!" Mlle, Dupont had caught the last word, "Were you speak-

ing of Kentucky?"

"Sure thing. That's where I hail from, the old blue grass state."

"Do you happen to know of a Mr. Gerald Kennedy of Kentucky?" Mademoiselle Dupont asked.

"Yes, of course. I'm he," replied Jerry.

"Oh, no, not you! Mother knew this man. He was in Paris at least twenty

vears ago."

"Then it was my father. All of us Kennedys are called Gerald Kennedy. It's a custom of the family, you see. There have been nine Gerald Kennedys and they have all come to Paris for six months some time in their lives. It's a custom of the family to come to Paris, you see."

"Yes, I understand about the customs," said Mlle. Dupont. "But is it a custom of the family to walk down the boulevard backwards and talk in a loud voice? Is it also a custom of the family to escort a young lady against her wish? This is where I was going to get a costume for the ball tonight."

Jerry was very much embarrassed and told Mile. Dupont that it was not their custom to do these things. Then, making a low bow to Mile. Dupont, he said, "It has always been a custom of the Kennedys to take a lady to the ball on the first night they meet her. There is another reason why I should take you. It is because my father knew your mother."

Mlle. Dupont could not refrain from laughter. She said, "It seems to be a custom of the family to have your own way. Yes, I will go tonight. Meet me here at nine. An revoir."

"Just one thing more," pleaded Jerry. "May I call you Hilda?"

"Yes; au revoir."

Jerry lifted his hat and walked on down the street. He was not thinking of the girl he had just met but of Tommy, his childhood sweetheart back home.

Thomasine Clark had been Jerry's sweetheart and playmate since child-hood. He had always called her Tommy because he thought that name suited her best. The Clarks lived on the plantation next to the Kennedys. Old Jerry Kennedy, Jerry's father, had secretly hoped that Jerry would marry Tommy.

All the Gerald Kennedys, and there had been nine, were tall, dark, handsome, romantic, and adventurous. All had looked alike; yet all looked different. All had the same characteristics; yet each had portrayed a vividly different character. All the Kennedys, as great-grandfather Kennedy had expressed it, loved "women, racchorses, and wine." Each of the Kennedys had spent six months in Paris. They had all married beautiful women, and it had become a custom of the family that the woman they would marry must have four characteristics: She must be haughty, coy, fiery, and, of course, beautiful.

Old Jerry Kennedy said that Tommy Clark was all these and more, too. Had she not been haughty when she called the girls from Louisville down for picking on poor Anne Gray? Had she not ridden the wild horse, "Bob," to victory in the "Kentucky Derby?" Was she not fiery, then? Had she not been coy when she led the cotillion, with her laughing brown eyes, curly black hair, and wistful mouth? Every one loved her, and old Jerry Kennedy hoped that Jerry loved her now and would always love her.

Jerry, as he dressed for the ball in his room at the hotel, was thinking of Tommy and Hilda. "Could Hilda compare with Tommy, or Tommy with Hilda? Could Tommy be as haughty as Hilda had been? Was Hilda as beautiful as Tommy? Hilda with her pale gold, wavy hair and green eyes. Oh, well, the question of the moment was—he was going to a ball and did not have a flower for his button-hole, and it was a custom of the Kennedys never to go to a ball without a flower.

As Jerry walked out of the hotel, he saw a flower girl on the next corner. He hurried over, and not looking up said, "May I have a spray of that lily-of-the-valley, please?"

"Yes, sir, ten cents, sir," said the girl.

Jerry looked up and saw a girl who looked exactly like Hilda Dupont. Where Hilda's eyes flashed haughtily, hers flashed coyly, and where Hilda's mouth turned down haughtily, hers turned up coyly. It was no wonder that Jerry Kennedy gasped.

"What is your name, pretty maid?" asked Jerry. "Tilda," she replied; "only Tilda, the flower girl."

Jerry looked at his watch, and as it was fifteen minutes to nine he hurried off. It was not a custom of the Kennedys to be late. On his way to the corner where he was to meet Hilda he was thinking about the queer resemblance. He wondered, "Was this a coincidence? Was it one girl or two? How could they look so much alike yet so different?" When he arrived Hilda was not there, but after he had waited about fifteen minutes, she stepped out of her taxi, beautiful in a green spangled dress. In her hand she was carrying a spray of lily-of-the-valley. When they were seated in the taxi Jerry asked her, "Where did you get the flower?"

"I found it in the taxi coming up," she said.

Jerry smiled to himself and said nothing more about the flower. At twelve o'clock he took Hilda to her beautiful home, "Dupont Castle." Then went back to the corner where he had seen the flower girl, but she was not there.

About half an hour later Jerry found he had wandered a good distance off in search of the flower girl. He was about to turn back when he was attracted by a woman's voice singing. He followed the voice as best he could and came to a stairway leading down. He was curious (all the Kennedys were curious) so he descended the stairway. At the bottom he found he was in a saloon. He walked over to a table and sat down. Then he looked up at the girl singing. For she had green eyes and pale gold, wavy hair. Now she He was startled. She seemed to be dancing to something in her hand. At the started dancing. end of the dance she kissed it and threw it into the air. It was a flower. Jerry, seeing every one else trying to catch the flower, stretched forth his hand also, and he caught the flower—all the Kennedys were lucky. The girl came over and sat at the table with Jerry because he had caught the flower. Jerry looked at the flower, then the girl. He saw the flower was a spray of lily-of-the-valley. This girl looked exactly like Hilda and Tilda, only where Hilda was haughty, she was fiery; and where Tilda was cov, she was fiery.

"May I ask you your name?" said Jerry.

Jerry Kennedy had been in Paris seven months and the Kennedys stayed only six. He was puzzled. He did not know whether he was in love or not. If he was in love, he did not know whether he was in love with one girl or four girls. He spent the mornings with Tilda, the flower girl, on the street corners; the afternoons with Hilda at teas or museums; and the nights with Gilda talking over a round wooden table in the saloon. He was thinking of all these things in his room at the hotel when he received a telegram. It said that Tommy was seriously hurt. A horse had thrown her.

Jerry dashed out of the hotel. The thought of Tommy in a mangled heap with a horse stamping over her blinded him. Jerry thought, "Now I must go

home. But first I must tell Hilda, Tilda, and Gilda goodbye."

Now today was Sunday and never had Jerry Kennedy been able to find any of the three girls on Sunday. They would appear again on the next day, but would offer no excuses. He went to the corner for Tilda, but no Tilda. He went to the saloon for Gilda, but no Gilda. Then he went to "Dupont Castle" for Hilda.

The front gate of the eastle was locked as usual on Sunday. So for the first time Jerry stole around to the back way. He found that gate open, and crept softly in. He followed a narrow winding path until he came to an open garden. Growing all around him were lilies-of-the-valley. In front of him was a high hedge. He heard voices behind the hedge. The Kennedys never hesitated long, so Jerry walked through the opening in the hedge. He saw an elderly lady seated in a garden chair. In front of her on a stone bench were three girls all dressed in green. Each had green eyes and pale gold, wavy hair. Each one had in her hand a spray of hily-of-the-valley. One was haughty, one coy, and one fiery. All three rose at the same time and cried, "Jerry!" Each seemed astonished that the other knew him. All the girls looked so surprised that Jerry turned to Madame Dupont and said, "I met Hilda, Gilda, and Tilda three months ago today. I have been going with them all since, and I love them all."

Madame Dupont said. "I understand. Perhaps I had best explain. Three months ago my three daughters, who are triplets, decided to go their separate ways. They would all three fall in love with the same man and he with them, so to avoid this they took separate paths. However, it seems their paths must have crossed. They all came home every night and spent Sunday with me, and they told me they were in love with a gentleman from Kentucky, not dreaming he was the same man. So now will you please make your decision? Which of my daughters do you love?"

Jerry looked at each one. Could the haughty one be fiery, or the coy one haughty? Surely not—he knew them too well. Remembering the custom of the family, he said: "Madame Dupont, it has long been a custom of our family that the girl we marry must have four characteristics. She must be haughty, fiery, coy, and beautiful. Each one of your daughters has one of these characteristics but none has all. I am going to marry a girl in Kentucky who has all these characteristics, and more too. In a way, I love all your daughters, but I do not wish to marry any one of them. Goodbye, Madame Dupont. Goodbye, my three little green temptations."

Back in Kentucky, old Gerald Kennedy was dressing in his best clothes. For at four o'clock he was going to be in a wedding. Tommy and Jerry were to be married. The old man was highly pleased with himself and the wedding, for had he not arranged everything? He had sent Jerry a telegram saying Tommy was hart. He wanted to know why Jerry was over staying in Paris and if he really loved Tommy. Tommy was not hurt, but only unhappy. There had been proof enough that they loved each other by the way they embraced when they met.

As the clock struck four, an old organ started softly playing the wedding march. Tommy, radiant in a white gown, walked down the aisle to meet Jerry at the altar. In her arms she carried a bouquet of valley-lilies. When Jerry saw them, he smiled. Then the aged priest made them man and wife in the little brown church which they had attended since childhood.

Rhyme Raving

+ +

I.

Somehow my mind don't seem to work
So very good tonight.

I've tried to write a verse or two.
But they don't sound just right.

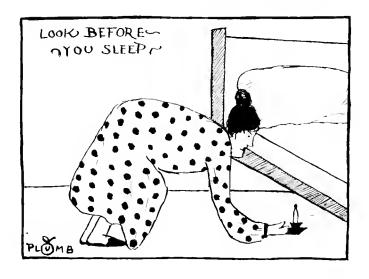
TT

I can't just seem to get the words
Quite nice like they should be.
I write a line, then stop to think—
What rhymes?—Good gracious me!

III.

I 'bout decided what I'll do,
And what will rhyme with this?
I'll just get out and demonstrate
Because the word is kiss.

—Dorothy Pund, '24.



Quoth the Senior, "Nevermore"

+ +

(Apologies to Edgar Allen Poc)
Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered, tired and weary,
O'er a dull and curious book of mystifying French.
While I nodded, gently napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
Then I opened wide the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped the stately ghosts of many things of yore.
And forward each guest lonely—stepped he forward and spoke only
And each his question did outpour.

Shall you sit here sighing by a red-flamed fire dying, "Parlez-yousing" and declining?

Quoth the Senior, "Nevermore."

Then another spoke his word, and another woice was heard.

Will you tete-a-tete with Cæsar?

Have you dates with kings of yore?

Will you wake in morning early, when the dew is high and pearly? Study shorthand, trig, and math, strive to escape the teachers' wrath? Said the Senior, "Nevermore."

And all the still was broken, as the word of each was spoken By this host of ghosts of mem'rics, by the ghosts all at the door. Shall you learn of bugs and mammals, of insect lore and ants travels After nineteen-twenty-four?

Oh, the answer was a shudder, and a low determined mutter, Quoth the Senior, "Nevermore."

Shall you wake with nightmare ringing,
Dinosaurs arms around you clinging,
Ghostly fossils at the door?
But the silence was unbroken, till soft a whispered word was spoken,
Oh! Quoth the Senior, "Nevermore."

-Roselle Rosenthal, '24.

I Forgot

There are excuses good and bad Which Tubman girls may give; There's one which if we did without, I doubt if we could live.

Indeed, it's hardly an excuse, Yet often out we trot it, And if we're asked about a thing We answer, "I forgot it."

"Ah, I forgot to bring my book
To French class—and, oh, say!
I quite forgot my locker key
And this is our gym day!"

And "I forgot this," "I forgot that."
When we leave this world of sin
Ah, I wonder if St. Peter
Will forget to let us in?

-Velma Bell, '25.

Latin

My Latin, 'tis of thee,
Sure road to misery,
Of thee I sing.
I always call you "bunk,"
"Foolishness," "stuff," and "junk,"
I know I'm bound to flunk—
You horrid thing!

English does very well,
And, though it's hard to spell,
French ain't so bad.
Of all the plagues Latin's king.
My little brains take wing,
I can't remember anything
We've ever had.

-Velma Bell, '25.



Caught in the Act

+ +

"Well, that doesn't give you permission to run down the hall as if you were going to a fire—and you nearly knocked me down," replied Mr. Garrett.

"But, Mr. Garrett. I am a sub--"

"Being a 'Sub' is no excuse for such behavior. 'Subs' are supposed to be just as polite as Seniors."

"But, but, but-"

"That's enough. And what is worse, you are eating a sandwich. Just because you have bobbed hair and are a 'Sub,' I suppose you think you can do as you please. Well, if I give you a few demerits and suspend you for a week, you will think better of it."

"But, Mr. Garrett, I am the sub---"

"Yes, of course, you are a sub, but that won't keep me from giving you the demerits. Come, I say, give me your name."

"Mr. Garrett, I am the sub -"

"How many times are you going to tell me you are a 'Sub.' Give me your name."

"Mr. Garrett, I am the sub--"

"What! More of it! Your name, young lady!"

"Mary Brown."

"What section?"

"I haven't any section, Mr. Garrett."

"Haven't any section?"

"No. I am the substitute for Miss Comey."

-Marion Andrews, '24.

Mary

* +

I.

Mary was a funny girl,
So round, but yet petite;
Mary had just one thing wrong—
Her huge and massive feet,

II.

Mary stumbled when she walked,
And tripped up when she ran;
Mary slipped on everything,
And on the ground did land.

III.

Many times she came to school, In tears would take her seat, Shouting, 'Allah be unpraised For giving me such feet."

-Dorothy Pund, '24.

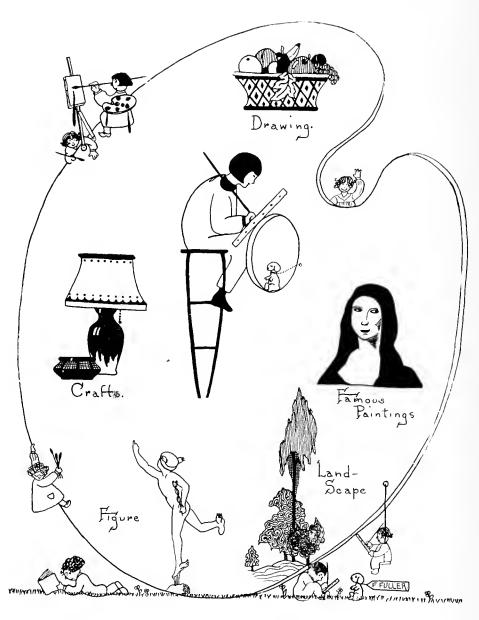


Good Resolutions for A Tubman Girl

+ +

- 1. I will wear a cheerful face.
- 2. I will be on time every morning.
- 3. I will stay at school each day until the gong rings.
- 4. I will believe the teachers of the school are really interested in my welfare and want me to be contented and happy in my work.
- 5. I will take care of my health.
- 6. I will save a little of my money each day, no matter how small the amount.
- 7. I will be enthusiastic about the school's present success and future progress.
- 8. I will be co-operative, helpful and willing.
- 9. I will keep my desk and room neat and tidy.
- 10. I will be a Tubman booster to my friends and acquaintances, thus helping to advertise the School.
- 11. I will be economical in the use of the School's property.
- 12. I will shun earelessness.

-Lilley White, '25.



PALETTE

MONSENSE -

Just Wishing

+ +

Oh, I knew that I'll be wishing, Some few years from today, That I were back at Tubman With hours of work and play.

Wishing for de'r old Tubman And those happy days of yore; The days of carefree youth and joys, To take me back once more.

Longing to see the faces
Of the friends who were so dear.
Of the faculty and others
Slowly changing year by year.

Oh, rooms so thronged with mem'ries Of happiness and tears, Of joy and laughter mingling Untouched by life's drab fears.

Wishing for the whisper of voices,
And the fun of secret notes.

For the castles we built and all our trips
Sailing in our dreamboats.

Wishing for the carefree heart of youth As life flows smoothly on,
For joyous pranks and happy fun
Of dear days that are gone.

And in the soft dusk dreaming,
When the years have sped their way,
I'll want the olden things again,
I'll wish for them some day.

L'Envoi

I'll wish for dear old Tubman,
And those happy days of yore,
The days of carefree youth and joys,
Oh! take me back once more.

Horse Sense

+ +

I.

Folks write about the blushing rose
Or knights of long ago;
Some even write about the sun
On beds of fleeey snow.

II.

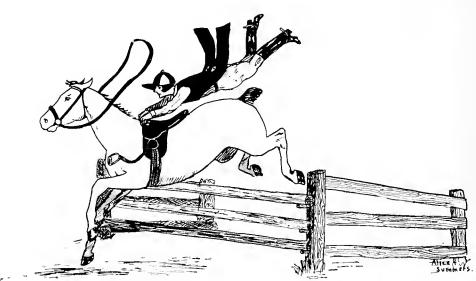
11.

Now all those rhymes are very nice To fill up lots of space, But do not teach a moral to Our pleasure loving race.

III.

The moral of these rhymes, my friend,
Is look before you leap,
Then you won't read such rhymes as these,
Which put you all to sleep.

D. A. Pund, '24.



She loves to paint animals. Summers

Miss Abernathy at the Horse Show.

Jokes

Miss Ivey: You are making too much noise. I want every girl in the class to sep-

arate. —— т. н. s. —

Ethel: Ruby and I had quite an argument last night about whether Jack or Bill was the best looker.

Susie: And did you decide? Ethel: Oh, yes, we decided there was no comparison between them.

-- T. H. S. --

Johnny (after a tennis set): "Whew! That was some game. Willie and me are sure a close match. Willie's a peachy player, though. – т. н. s. *–*

Miss Comey: Give me a sentence using the word "alumnus."

Junior: The alumnus pans were full of milk

— т. н. s. —

Bite off more than you can chew-Then chew it.

Lay out more work than you can do-Then do it.

Hitch your wagon to a star, Keep your seat, and there you are. Success.

-F. Fuller, '25. --- т. н. s. --

Fatima Van Mosely Augustus de Garrett Was long, lean and lanky, Her head like a parrot,

While

Maypop Safronie de Camphor McFurly Was handsome and slender A peach of a girlie.

But

Fate was with Fatti And luck was her streak. She married a prosperous Kindhearted sheik.

While

Maypop's sad life Would put one in tears— She married a convict Who served ninety years. -D. A. Penn, 2t.

Beneath the moon he told his love, The color left her cheeks; But on the shoulder of his coat It showed up plain for weeks.

— т. н. s. —

Chemistry Teacher: "Name three articles containing starch."

Senior: "Two cuffs and a collar."

— т. н. s. —

Sub-Fresh: "Can you tell me where I can find the music room?"

Senior: "Surc; just ask the first person you meet." — т. н. s. —

"If some one bought the Tubman girls for what they know and sold them for what they think they know, how much would be gain?"

—— т. н. s. — Jack: "How on earth would you construct a regular pentagon?"

Mack: "Inscribe it in a circle."

Jack: "But suppose Miss Green would tell us not to put it in a circle?"

Mack: "Well, I'd just crase the circle!"

— т. н. s. —

This is what a bright Junior B thinks current poetry sounds like:

> "When I wuz ist a little bit O 'weenty-teenty kid, I made up a fairy tale, All myself, 1 did!"

> > — т. н. s. —

Chris: "Jack, I am stuck on your skirt." Mack: "Gee, is that what makes it look εο funny?" - т. н. s. -

Mary: "Miss Italbert, what key is Chopin's Waltz in A written in?"

---- т. н. s. ----

Considering how many umbrellas are borrowed, we wonder who does the buying.

— т. н. s. —

Don't stare up the steps, step up the stairs.

Courtesy is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par."

— т. н. s. —

Miss Frank: "Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

Enlightened Soph: "For the bird to sit on."

— т. п. s. —

Miss Chiles (to Sub sitting idly in class during an English test): "Mary, why are you not writing?"

Mary: "l'ain't got no pen."

Miss Chiles: "Where's your grammar?" Mary: "She's dead." Mr. Garrett (in office): "Who sent you here?"

Girl: "Miss Hains and Miss Green."

Mr. Garrett: "Mishchaving, I suppose?" Girl: "Yes, both of them."

— т. н. s. —

Do ships have eyes when they go out to sea? Are there springs in the occan's bed? I oes the river eyer lose its head?

Is a baker broke when he is making dough? If you ate a square meal would the corners burt?

- т. н. s. ----

Eunice C. had been absent for the past few days and Miss Hollingsworth was explaining a bookkeeping transaction.

Miss Hollingsworth—
"Now, Eunice, if you have any cents (sense?)
put it on the check."

— т. н. s. — Artemus—Dat am what Ab calls Mountains ob

Ah calls Mountains ub Hot Air.

Rastus—What you-all mean by Mountains ub Hot Air, nigger?

Artemus—Gas Ranges, hoy, Gas Ranges!—Tiger.

— т. п. s. —

Miss Comey (in test) Give the plural of "forget-me-not," using it in a sentence.

Brilliant Junior — She forgets-me-not since the last time she saw me.

Miss Haddock, while salting a Red Snapper for cooking, was asked the following question, by

a Sub.:

"Miss Haddock, will the salt make the fish taste like a salt water fish?"

She replied: "Not necessarily so."

— т. н. s. — Question: Why has Elizabeth an annual mouth?

Answer: Because it goes from "year to year."



Just because a girl is rusty is not a reason she has an iron constitution.

– т. н. s. *–*

"And to the right," said the driver of a sightseeing bus, "is the home of one of our most prosperous citizens. He is so rich thal he has Diamond tires on his automobiles."

Tim took a moonlight ride with his girl. When they had ridden about nine miles in almost perfect silence, Tim said to her:

"Tillie, will you marry me?" She replied that she would. They rode on for about two miles more, and Tillie said:

"Why don't you say something?" Tim said: "I think I talked too damn much now."

— т. н. s. —

Little Bobby and Betty Jones were very fond of muscadines but had never heard them called bullaces. So one day, after hearing the word for the first time, Bobby asked, "What is a bullace?"

"Oh, I know," replied Betty with conscious superiority. "A bullace is a girl cow.

— т. н. s. –

This actually happened. Alaman W-, in announcing his candidacy for coroner, made this statement: "I have held this office for a number of years and have never had a complaint from any one over whom I have held an inquest.'

— т. н. s. — HISTORY NOTE

The school board visited school the other day, and, of course, the principal put his pupils through their paces for the benefit of said anstere board.
"Henry," he asked, turning to one boy,

"who signed Magna Charta?" "Please, sir, 'twasn't me," whimpered

Henry.

The teacher, in disgust, told the boy to sit down, but old Jed Smith, chairman of the tobacco-chewing board, was not satisfied. After a well-directed aim at the stove, he said: "Call back that there boy. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."—Four L Bulletin.

A summer resort is where you exchange good dollars for poor quarters.

— т. н. s. —

Mary Plumb: "I want my hair cut." Barber: "Any particular way?" Mary: "Yes, off."



Life's Little Jokes

+ +

A girl named Bedelia Eureka McFlamm Was sure that she'd pass every single exam,

While a poor little thing called Lucinda Skodunk Was equally certain she simply must flunk.

The first wouldn't study, and, sad to relate, An absolute "E" was her terrible fate,

But Lucinda studied till she was 'most dead, And came out with laurel wreaths heaped on her head.

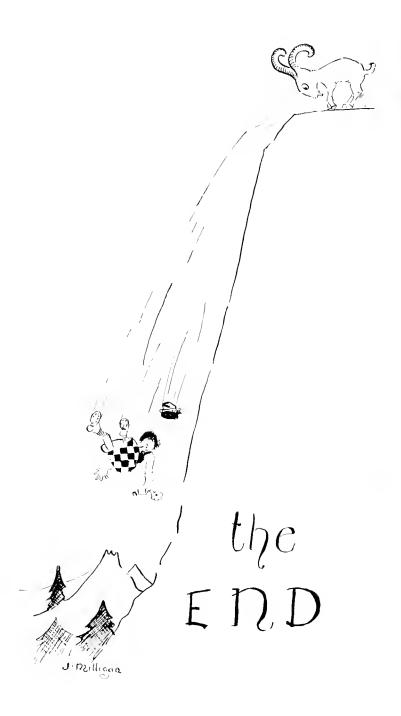
-Velma Bell, '25.



A TUBMAN COOK

Autographs

FACULTY
3. Suise Chiles
Mary Lois We Karthennie Souto!
Thelen Wallers CLASS MATES Thelma Madly
marianne Elis Verginia aluat
Velen & Littleton Calherine Verdery. Louise Walters. Course farrett. Vinginia Milliamean SCHOOL FRIENDS
SCHOOL FRIENDS Is race deals. Marquente Heldehaust





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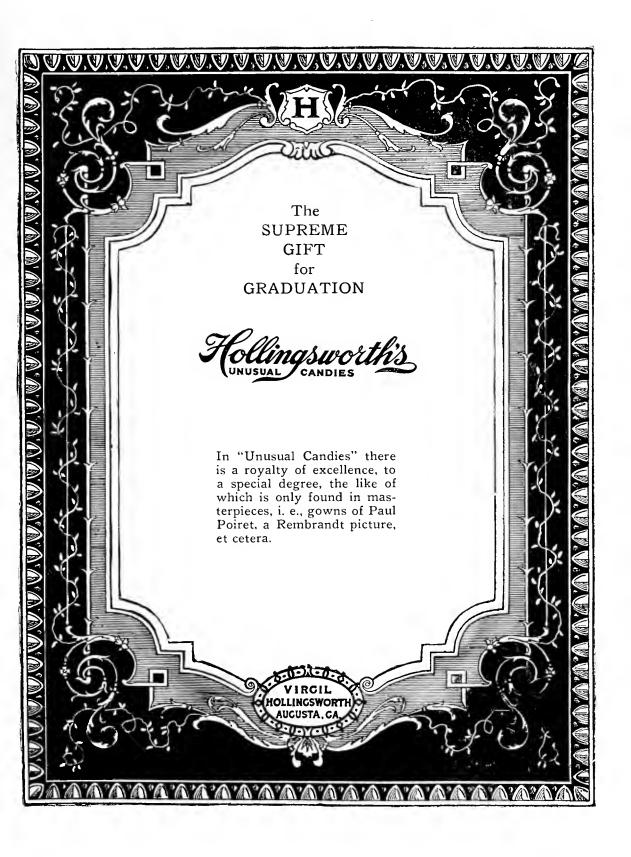
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Bim—Better bail out the boat; she's half full.

Bam—'S alright; it'll run right over, soon's she's full.

—Medley.

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Souse-Aw, go to 'ell; you'sh don't know wish way I'm goin.'-Moonshine.

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There was a thin maiden called Lena Who bought a new vacuum cleana,
But she got in the way
Of its suction one day
And since then nobody has seena.
—Wasp.

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Poe, as depraved as Byron, or as pervert as—
Judge—That will do. Get the names of those other fellows, Dan, and bring them in. They're a bad lot.—Jack o' Lantern.

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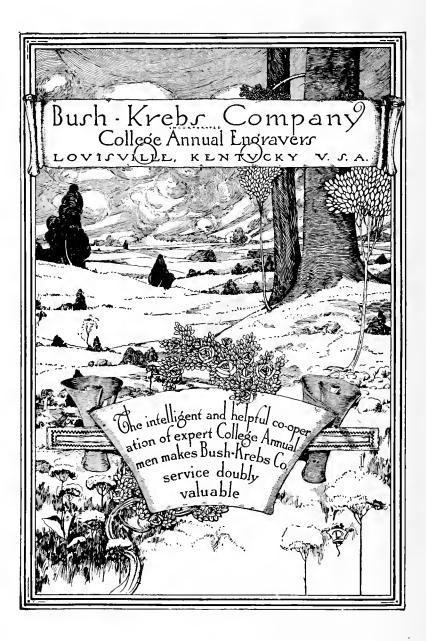
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